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New
CANTON

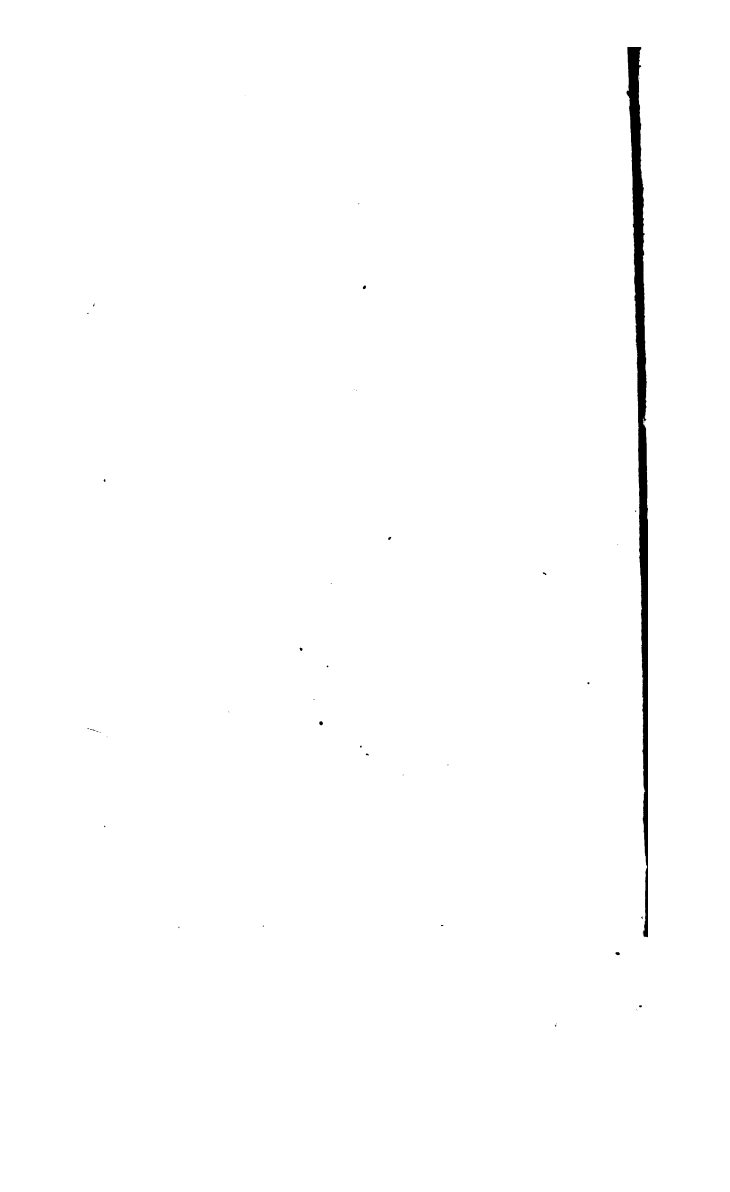


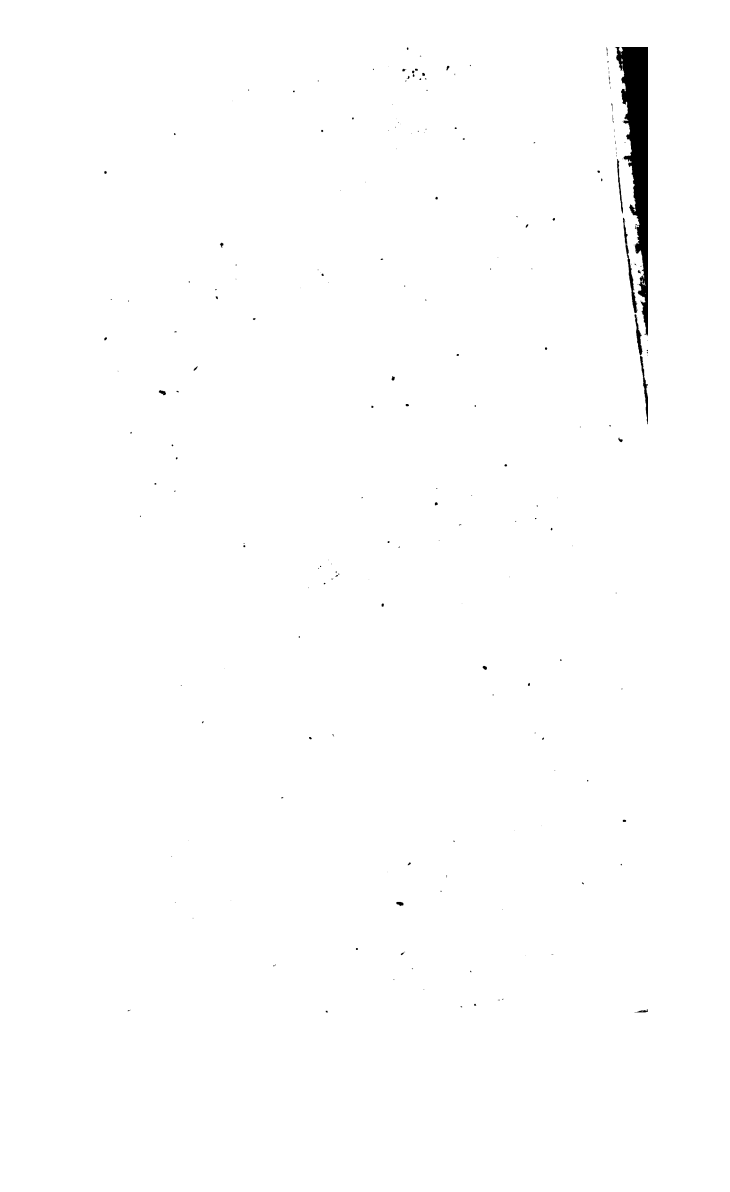


Goodman
1900











to White Hall.

M. C. KEMBLE as CATHERINE

London, Strand, near the Theatre Royal, in the year 1811.

Cawthorn's
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BRITISH THEATRE;

CONSISTING OF
THE MOST ESTEEMED
FARCES AND OPERAS.

Volume the Fifth.

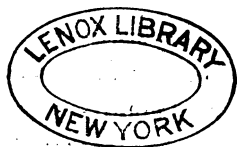
CONTAINING

CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO, . . . BY GARRICK.
RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, . . . — BURGoyNE.
WATERMAN, — DIBDIN.
SELIMA AND AZOR, — COLLIER.
HONEST THIEVES, — KNIGHT.

LONDON;

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
JOHN CAWTHORN, 5, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1806.



CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO,
A COMEDY,

ALTERED FROM SHAKSPERE,
BY **DAVID GARRICK, Esq.**

ADAPTED FOR

Dramatrical Representation:

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY LANE,
AND
COVENT GARDEN.

RECALCULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,
BY *Permission of the Managers.*

Errors by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR

BARNES, 5, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND
Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

1806.



Printed by W. Burton, Fetter Lane.

CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

Whatever moral may be attached to this piece, it is certainly replete with humour and interest; and the whole piece is very popular and diverting. It is an alteration, by Garrick, from Shakspeare's *Taming the Shrew*, and is reckoned the most regular and perfect drama that has ever been formed from that origin: by inverting and transposing different parts, and reducing the whole into a regular piece. The judgment wherewith this is executed, and the valuable use Mr. Garrick made of Shakspeare, from whom he never deviated, and to whom he made no addition, did great honour to his understanding and knowledge of theatrical conduct; and has rendered a comedy, which, from the many absurdities mingled with its numerous beauties, had long been thrown aside, one of the most entertaining dramas of the present day.



PROLOGUE

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

Mr. GARRICK.

*To various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humourous bard:
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be: }
The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
So as the cant and custom of the trade is,
You're welcome, gem'men—kindly welcome, la-
dies.*

*To draw in customers our bills are spread,
You cannot miss the sign—'tis Shakspear's Head.
From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine!
In which no tricks, to strengthen, or to thin'em—
Neat as imported——no French brandy in'em—
Hence for the choicest spirits flow champaign; }
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein,
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd }
brain!*

*Hence flow for martial minds potations strong;
And sweet love potions for the fair and young.
For you, my Hearts of Oak, for your regale,
There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.*

[To the upper gallery.

*For high luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff is a butt of sack:*

PROLOGUE.

*And if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua vitæ.
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
He's gone——nor left one cup of sack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam;
No more with merry wags to Eastcheap come;
He's gone—to jest, and laugh, and give his sack* }

*at home.
As for the learned oritics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep;
Who in the storms of passion—hum—and haw!
For such, our master will no liquor draw——
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakspear's
head.*

*A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much perry for the best champaign.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that—when
wine is pure?*

*"Come fill a bumper, Jack—I will, my Lord—
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!
"——upon my word!"*

*Sir William, what say you?—The best, believe
me---*

*In this--- Eh Jack!—the devil can't deceive me.
Thus the wise Critic too, mistakes his wine,
Cries out with lifted hands, 'tis great!—Divine!
Then jogs his neighbour as the wonders strike him;*

PROLOGUE.

*This Shakspear ! Shakspear !—Oh there's nothing
like him !*

*In this night's various and enchanted cup,
Some little perry's mixt for filling up.*

*The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to sixteen years. lay by, forsaken.*

Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,

'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.

'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,

To lose no drop of that immortal man !

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY LANE.

						<i>Men.</i>
PETRUCHIO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Kemble
BAPTISTA,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Packer
HORTENSIO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Cook
GRUMIO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer
MUSIC-MASTER,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Maddock
BIONDELLO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer
TAYLOR,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. De Camp
						<i>Women</i>
CATHERINE,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss De Camp
BIANCA,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Coates
CURTIS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Maddock

COVENT GARDEN.

						<i>Men.</i>
PETRUCHIO	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lewis
BAPTISTA,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson
HORTENSIO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Egan
GRUMIO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Quick
MUSIC-MASTER,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Powell
BIONDELLO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farley
PEDRO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Abbot
TAYLOR,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Simmons
						<i>Women.</i>
CATHERINE,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Maddock
BIANCA	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Lenead
CURTIS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. White.



ATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

ACT I.

SCENE, BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter BAPTISTA, PETRUCHIO, and GRUMIO.

BAPTISTA.

[THUS have I, 'gainst my own self-interest,
Repeated all the worst you are to expect
From my shrew'd daughter, Catherine; if you'll
venture

augre my plain and honest declaration,
You have my free consent; win her, and wed her.

Pet. Signor Baptista, thus it stands with me.
Anthonio, my father, is deceased:

You knew him well, and knowing him, know me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd.

And I have thrust myself into the world,

Apply to wive and thrive as best I may:

My business asketh haste, old signior,

And every day I cannot come to woo.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That cov'nants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Yes, when the special thing is well
obtain'd,
My daughter's love, for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you,
father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Grum. Nay, look you sir, he tells you flatly
"what his mind is: Why give him gold enough,
"and marry him to a puppet, or an old trot with
"ne'er a tooth in her head. Though she have
"as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why
"nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Bap. As I have shew'd you, sir, the coarser
side,

Now let me tell you, she is young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is that she is intolerably froward;
If that you can away with, she is yours.

Grum. I pray you, sir, let him see her
"while the humour lasts. O' my word an' she

"knew him as well as I do, she would think
"scolding would do little good upon him. She
"may perhaps call him half a score knaves, or
"so; why that's nothing; an' he begin once,
"she'll find her match. I'll tell you what, sir,
"an' she stand him but a little, he will throw a
"figure in her face, and so disfigure her with
"it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal
"than a cat—You know him not, sir."

Bap. And will you woo her, sir?

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets
clangue?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! scare boys with bugs.

Bap. Then thou'rt the man,
The man for Catherine, and her father too:
That shall she know, and know my mind at
once,

I'll portion her above her gentle sister,
New married to Hortensio:

"And if with scurril taunt, and squeamish pride,

"She make a mouth, and will not taste her
"fortune,

"I'll turn her forth to seek it in the world ;

"Nor henceforth shall she know her father's
"doors."

Pet. Say'st thou me so ? Then as your daughter,
signior,

Is rich enough to be Petruchio's wife ;

Be she as curst as Socrates' *Xantippe*,

She moves me not a whit—Were she as rough

As are the swelling Adriatic seas,

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;

If wealthily, then happily in Padua,

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy
speed ;

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Aye, to the proof, as mountains are for
winds,

That shake not, tho' they blow perpetually.

[*Catherine and the Music-master make a noise*
[within

Music-Master. Help ! help !

Cath. Out of the house, you scraping fool.

Pet. What noise is that ?

Bap. Oh, nothing ; this is nothing—

My daughter Catherine, and her music-master

This is the third I've had within this month.

She is an enemy to harmony.

Enter MUSIC-MASTER.

How now, friend, why dost look so pale?

Music-master. For fear, I promise you, if I do look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Music-master. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why then, thou canst not break her to the lute?

Music-master. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

When with a most impatient devilish spirit,

Frets call you them, quoth she? I'll fret your fool's cap:

And with that word, she struck me on the head,

And thro' the instrument my pate made way,

And there I stood amazed for a while,

As on a pillory, looking thro' the lute:

While she did call me rascal-fiddler,

And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now by the world it is a lusty wench,

I love her ten times more than e'er I did;

Oh how I long to have a grapple with her!

Music-master. I would not make an
with her,

To purchase Padua ; for what is past
I'm paid sufficiently : if at your leasure
You think my broken fortunes, head :
Deserve some reparation, you know w
T' enquire for me ; and so, good gentl
I am your much abus'd humble servan

Bap. Not yet mov'd, Petruchio ! do y

Pet. I am more and more impatien
long

To be a partner in those favourite plea

Bap. O, by all means, sir -- Will yo
me,

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend he

Grumio, retire, and wait my call wi
[E.

Since that her father is so resolute,
I'll woo her with some spirit when she
Say that she rail, why then, I'll tell h
Shesings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks
As morning roses, newly wash'd with
Say she be mute, and will not speak a
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloque
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her tl
As tho' she bid me stay by her a weel

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married——

But here she comes and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter CATHERINE.

Cath. How! turn'd adrift! not know my
father's house!

Reduc'd to this, or none, the maid's last prayer;
Sent to be woo'd like bear unto the stake?

Firm wooing like to be!——and he the bear
For I shall bait him——yet the man's a man.

Pet. Kate in a calm!--Maids must not be
wooers.

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I
hear.

Cath. Well have you heard, but impudently
said;

They call me Catherine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst,
But Kate—the prettiest Kate in Christendom.

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation!

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Thy affability and bashful modesty,

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. Mov'd! in good time; let him
 mov'd you hither,
 Remove you hence! I knew you at the first
 You were a moveable.

Pet. A moveable? Why, what's that?

Cath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Cath. Asses are made to bear, and so are

Pet. Women are made to bear and so are
 Alas, good Kate, I will not burthen thee;
 For, knowing thee to be but young and light

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you
 catch. [Goes]

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith,
 are too angry.

Cath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy, then is to pluck it out.

Cath. Ay, if the fool could find it where
 lies.

Pet. The fool knows where the honey is
 Kate. [Offers to kiss]

Cath. 'Tis not for drones to taste.

Pet. That will I try. [She strikes]

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.—
 Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look
 sour.

Cath. How can I help it, when I see
 face;

But I'll be shock'd no longer with the sight.

[Goes]

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth you 'scape not so.

Cath. I chafe you, if I tarry---let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle;

"Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar,

"For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

"But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time
"flowers;"

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Cath. This is beyond all patience; don't provoke me.

Pet. Why doth the world report that Kate
"doth limp?"

Oh, sland'rous world! Kate, like the hazle twig,

Is strait, and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O let me see thee walk, thou dost not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber, with her princely gate

Oh be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dis-
ful.

Cath. Where did you study all this
speech?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mothe

Cath. A witty mother, witless else he

Pet. Am I not wise?

Cath. Yes, in your own conceit;
Keep yourself warm with that, or els
freeze

Pet. Or rather warm me in thy an
Kate!

And therefore setting all this chat aside
Thus in plain terms: your father hath co
That you shall be my wife; your dowr
on,

And will you, nill you, I will marry you

Cath. Whether I will or no!--O
spite?

Pet. Nay, Kate, I am a husband
turn;

For by this light, whereby I see thy be
(Thy beauty that doth make me like th
'Thou must be married to no man but m
For I am he am born to tame you, Kat

Cath. That will admit dispute, n
groom,

Pet. Here comes your father; new
denial,

I must and will have Catherine to my wife.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Now, signior, now, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How should I speed but well, sir? how but well? It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Catherine, in your dumps?

Cath. Call me daughter? Now I promise you You've shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Bap. Better this Jack than starve, and that's your portion——

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourself and all the world

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second *Grissel*,
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chastity;
And, to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
We have fix'd to-morrow for the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see hang'd to-morrow, first---To-morrow!——

Bap. Petruchio, hark ; 'she says she'll see thee hang'd first ;
Is this your speeding ?

Pet. Oh ! be patient, sir ;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you !
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curs'd in company.

Cath. A plague upon his impudence ! I am vex'd— [*Aside.*

I'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him.

Pet. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me ; Oh ! the kindest Kate !
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss,
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.

Oh, you are novices ; tis a world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone—
Give me thy hand, Kate, "I will now away
"To buy apparel for my gentle bride :

"Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests."

Bap. What dost thou say, my Catherine
Give thy hand.

Cath. Never to man shall Catherine give her
hand :

Here 'tis, and let him take it an' he dare.

Pet. Where it the fore-foot of an angry bear
I'd shake it off ; but as it is Kate's, I kiss it.

Cath. You'll kiss it closer, e'er our moon be
wain'd.

Bap. Heav'n send you joy, Petruchio—'tis a
match.

Pet. Father and wife, adieu. I must away
Unto my country-house, and stir my grooms,
Scower their country rust, and make 'em fine,
For the reception of my Catherine.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
To-morrow, Kate, shall be our wedding-day.

[Exit Petruchio.]

Bap. Well, daughter, though the man be
somewhat wild,

“And thereto frantic, yet his means are great ;”
Thou hast done well to seize the first kind offer,
For by thy mother's soul, 'twill be the last.

Cath. My duty, sir, hath followed your command.

Bap. “Art thou in earnest? Hast no trick
“behind?”

I'll take thee at thy word, and send t' invite
My son-in-law, Hortensio, and thy sister,
And all our friends, to grace thy nuptials, Kate.

[Exit Baptista.]

Cath. Why, yes ; sister Bianca now shall see
The poor abandon'd Catherine, as she calls me,
Can hold her head as high, and be as proud,
And make her husband stoop unto her lure,
As she, or e'er a wife in Padua.

As double as my portion be my scorn :
Look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you.
Catherine shall tame this haggard—or if she
fails,

Shall tye her tongue up, and pare
nails.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, CA-
. BIANCA, and Attendants.

BAPTISTA

SIGNIOR Hortensio, this is th' appoir
That Catherine and Petruheio sh
married;

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will
To want the bridegroom when the pries
To speak the ceremonial rites of marri
What says Hortensio to this shame of

Cath. No shame but mine; I must,
be forced

To give my hand oppos'd against my he
Unto a mad-brain Rudesby, full of spl

Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure,

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends, invite; yea, and proclaim the banns,

Yet never mean to wed where he hath woo'd,
Now must the world point at poor Catherine,
And say, Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Bian. Such hasty matches seldom end in good.

Hor. Patience, good Catherine, and Bianca too;

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word;
Tho' he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Tho' he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would I had never seen his honesty.--
Oh! I could tear my flesh for very madness.

[*Exit Catherine.*

Bap. Follow your sister, girl, and comfort her. [Exit Bianca.

"I cannot blame thee now to weep and rage,
"For such an injury would vex a saint;
"Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.
"Hor. Was ever match clapt up so suddenly!

- "*Bap.* Hortensio, faith, I play a merchant's
" part,
" And venture madly on a desperate mart.
" *Hor.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by
" you;
" 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
" *Bap.* The gain I seek is quiet in the match.
" *Hor.* No doubt Petruchio's got a quiet
" catch."

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news! and such news
as you never heard of.

Bap. Is Petruchio come?

Bion. Why no, Sir.

Bap. What then!

Bion. He is coming; but how? Why in a
new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches,
thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been
candle cases, one buckled, another laced; an
old rusty sword, ta'en out of the town armory,
with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken
points; his horse hipped with an old moth
saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides, pos-
sessed with the glanders, "and like to mose in
" the chine, troubled with the lampasse, infec-
" ted with the farcy, full of wind-galls, sped
" with spavins, railed with the yellows, past cure
" of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers,

“be-gnawn with the bots,” waid in the back, and shoulder shotten, near legged before, and with a half check’d bit; and a head stall of sheep leather, which being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girt six times pieced, and a woman’s crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O Sir, his lacquey, for all the world comparisoned like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list, an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies pricked upon it for a feather---A monster! a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christain foot-boy, or a gentleman’s lacquey.

Bap. I am glad he’s come, howsoever he comes.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO, fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants! Who is at home!

Bap. You’re welcome, Sir.

Pet. Well am I come then, Sir.

Bap. Not so well ’parrell’d as I wish you were.

Pet. Why were it better, I should rush in thus;

D ij

But where is Kate? where is my lovely
How does my father? Gentles, methinks
frown;

And wherefore gaze this goodly compan
As if they saw some wondrous monumer
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your
day;

First, we were sad, fearing you would ne
Now sadder, that you come so unprovid
Fy! doff this habit, shame to your estat
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Hor. And tell us what occasion of imp
Hath all along detain'd you from your
And sent you hither so unlike yourself!

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh
Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my wor
But where is Kate? I stay too long from
The morning wears; 'tis time we were at

Hor. See not your bride in these uni
robes;

Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mi

Pet. Not I, believe me, thus I'll visit

Bap. But thus I trust you will not mar

Pet. Goodsooth, even thus; theresi
done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my cloat
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutreme
'Twere well for Kate, and better for mys

But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
What, ho! my Kate! my Kate! [*Exit Pet.*
“*Hor.* He hath some meaning in this mad
“ attire:

“ We will persuade him, be it possible,
“ To put on better, ere he go to church.”

Bap. I'll after him, and see th' event of this.
[*Exeunt all but Grumio.*

Grum. He's gone swearing to church with her.
I would sooner have led her to the gallows. If
he can but hold it, 'tis well---And if I know any
thing of myself and master, no two men were
ever born with such qualities to tame women---
When madam goes home, we must look for ano-
ther-guise master than we have had---We shall
see old Coil between 'em.---If I can spy into
futurity a little, there will be much clatter
among the moveables, and some practice for
the surgeons. By this the parson has given 'em
his licence to fall together by the ears.

Enter PEDRO.

Ped. Grumio, your master bid me find you
out, and speed you to your country-house, to
prepare for his reception; and if he finds not
things as he expects 'em, according to the direc-
tions that he gave you, you know, he says, what

follows: This message he delivered before his bride, even in her way to church, and shook his whip in token of his love.

Grum. I understand it, sir, and will convey the same token to my horse immediately, that he may take to his heels, in order to save my bones, and his own ribs. [Exit Grumio]

Ped. So odd a master, and so fit a man,
Were never seen in Padua before.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Now, Biondello, came you from the church?

Bion. As willing as e'er I came from school.

Ped. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Bion. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed;

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Ped. Curster than she? why 'tis impossible.

Bion. Why, he's a devil; a devil! a very fiend!

Ped. Why, she's a devil; a devil! the devil's dam,

Bion. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, brother Pedro, when the priest
Did ask if Catherine should be his wife,

Aye, by gogs-wounds, quoth he, and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall his book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Ped. What said the wench when he rose up again?

Bion. Trembled and shook; for why? he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar went to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine; a health, quoth he, as if

He'd been aboard carousing to his mates

After a storm; quafft off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other cause, but that his beard

Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask

Hissops as he was drinking. This done, he took

The bride about the neck, and kiss'd her lips

With such a clamorous smack, that at the part-
ing

All the church echo'd; and I seeing this,

Came thence for very shame; and after me

I know the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before——

[*Music.*

Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play.

Enter PETRUCHIO, (singing) CATHERINE, BIANCA, HORTENSIO, and BAPTISTA.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains ;

I know you think to dine with me to-day.
And have prepar'd great store of wedding chee
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence ;
And, therefore, here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come
Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business
You would intreat me rather go than stay ;
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife
Dine with my father, drink a health to me.
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Hor. Let me intreat you, stay till after dinner

Pet. It may not be.

Bian. Let me intreat you, that my sister stay
I come on purpose to attend the wedding ;
And pass this day in mirth and festival.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content——

Cath. Are you content to stay !

Pet. I am content you shall intreat my stay
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Cath. Now if you love me, stay.

Pet. My horses there! what, ho! my horses there!—

Cath. Nay then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow; nor till I please myself.
The door is open, Sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging, while your boots are green.
For me, I'll not go till I please myself;
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
To take it on you at the first so roundly.

Bap. O Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall atay my leisure.

Hor. Ay, marry, Sir, now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.

I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer;
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua ; Petruchio,
Draw forth thy weapon, thou'rt beset with
thieves ;

Rescue thy wife then, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee
Kate ;

I'll buckler thee against a million, Kate.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Catherine.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet
ones.

“ *Hor.* Of all mad matches never was the
like.

“ What's your opinion of your gentle sister ?

“ *Bian.* That being mad herself, she's madly
“ match'd.

“ *Bap.* Neighbours and friends, tho' bride
“ and bridegroom want

“ For to supply the places at the table

“ You know there wants no junkets at the feast,

“ Hortensio, you supply the bridegroom's place,

“ And let Bianca take her sister's room.

“ *Bian.* My sister's room ! were I in her's in-
“ deed,

“ This swaggerer shou'd repent his insolence.”

[Exeunt omnes.]

Act II. CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

SCENE, before PETRUCHIO's house.

Enter GRUMIO.

Grum. Fy, fy on all jades, and all mad masters, and foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so raide? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them.—Now were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warm myself, for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold—Holla, hoa, Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Cur. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Grum. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. Aye, good Curtis.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Grum. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, and cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Grum. She was, good Curtis, before the frost; thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and

beast, for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Cur. Away, you thick-pated fool; I am no beast.

Grum. Where's the cook? Is supper ready; the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garments on? be the *Jacks* fair within, the *Jills* fair without, carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Grum. First know, my horse is tired, and my master and mistress fallen out.

Cur. How?

Grum. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Grum. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Grum. There.

[*Strikes him.*]

Cur. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grum. And therefore is called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech you listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.—

Cur. Both on one horse?

Grum. What's that to thee? tell thou the

tailor. But, hadst thou not crest me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before! how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; how my mistress lost her slippers, tore and bemired her garments, limped to the farm-house, put on Rebecca's old shoes and peticoat; with many things worthy of memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Grum. Ay, for the nonce—and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home.—But what talk I of this? call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugar-sop, and the rest: “let their heads be sleek “combed, and their blue coats brushed, and “their garters of an indifferent knit; let them “courtesy with their left legs, and not presume “to touch a hair of my master's horse tail, till “they kiss their hands.” Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Grum. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho! Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, &c. Where are you?

Enter NATHANIEL, PHILIP, &c.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Pet. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Grum. Welcome, you; how now, you; what you; fellow you; and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready; how near is our master?

Grum. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and herefore, be not—Cock's passion! Silence, I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and CATHERINE.

Pet. Where are these knaves? What, no man at

Door, to hold my stirrup, or to take my horse? Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All. Here, here, sir; here, sir!

Pet. Here, sir; here, sir; here, sir; here, sir! You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms;

What, no attendants, no regard, no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grum. Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain, you whoreson malt-horse drudge,

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Grum. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made;

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'th' heel:

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory,

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly:

Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt* Servants.]

SINGS.

"Where is the life that late I led?"

"Where are those——Sit down, Kate,

"And welcome——Soud, soud, soud, soud."

E ij

Enter SERVANTS, with slippers.

Why, when, I say? nay, good sweet Kate,
 merry,
 Off with my boots, you rogue: you villa
 when!—

“ SING.

“ *It was a fryar of orders gray,
 “ As he forth walked on his way.”*

Out, out, you rogue: you pluck my foot aw
 Take that, and mind the plucking of the oth
 [Strikes h

Be merry, Kate! some water here. “ Wh
 “ ho!

“ Where’s my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get y
 “ hence,

“ And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither

“ One, Kate, that you must kiss and be
 “ quainted with.”

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have so
 water?

Enter SERVANT, with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome hearti
 [Servant lets fall the wa
 You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Cath. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Cath. Indeed I have:

And never was repast so welcome to me.

Pet. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What's this, mutton?

Serv. Yes.

Pet. Who brought it?

Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, "and so is all the meat——"

"What dogs are these!" Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villain, bring it "from the dresser,

"And serve it" thus to me, that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all.

[*Throws the meat, &c. about.*

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight. [*Exeunt all the Servants.*

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, and well I could have eat,
If you were so dispos'd; I'm sick with fasting.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd
away,
And I expresly am forbid to touch it;
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better it were that both of us did fast,
Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh—
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt.*]

“ Enter NATHANIEL, PETER, and GRUMIO.

“ Nath. Peter, didst thou ever see the like?

“ Peter. He kills her in her own humour. I
did not think so good and kind a master could
have put on so resolute a bearing.

“ Grum. Where is he?

“ Enter CURTIS.

“ Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of
continency to her, and rails, and swears, and
rates: and she, poor soul, knows not which
way to stand, to look, to speak; and sits as
one new risen from a dream.—Away, away,
for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
 'Tis my hope to end successfully :
 falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
 till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
 then she never looks upon her lure.
 Her way I have to man my haggard,
 make her come, and know her keeper's
 " call :
 'tis, to watch her, as we watch these
 " kites
 that eat and beat, and will not be obedient.
 Eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
 to night she slept not, nor to night shall
 " not :
 with the meat, some undeserved fault
 find about the making of the bed ;
 here I'll fling the pillow, there the bol-
 " ster,
 away the coverlet ; that way the sheets ;
 and amid this hurly, I'll pretend
 't all is done in reverent care of her :
 in conclusion, she shall watch all night ;
 if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is the way to kill a wife with kindness,
 thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
 " humour—

42. CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO. *Act II*

"He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
"Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew."

[*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

Enter CATHERINE AND GRUMIO.

GRUMIO.

No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.
"Cath. The more my wrong, the more
"his spite appears.
"What, did he marry me to famish me?
"Beggars that come unto my father's door,
"Upon intreaty have a present alms;
"If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
"But I, who never knew how to intreat,
"Nor ever needed that I should intreat,
"Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:
"With oaths kept waking, and with brawling
"fed;
"And that which spites me more than all these
"wants,

He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present
"death!"—

pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grum. What say you to a neat's foot?

Cath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Grum. I fear it is too phlegmatic a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe, finely boiled?

Cath. I like it well; good Grummio, fetch it me.

Grum. I cannot tell—I fear, it's cholerick.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Cath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grum. Aye, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grum. Nay, that I will not, you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grummio.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grum. Why then, the mustard, dame, without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him,
That feed'st me only with the name of meat;

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery.
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Why, how now !
What, sweeting, all amort ? mistress, what
cheer ?

Cath. 'Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully
upon me.

For now, my honey-love, we are refresh'd—

Cath. Refresh'd, with what ?

Pet. We will return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,

“ With silken coats, and caps, and golden
“ rings,

“ With ruffs and cuffs, and fardingals, and
“ things:

“ With scarfs, and fans, and double change of
“ brav'ry,”

Now thou hast eat, the taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

Enter TAYLOR.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter HABERDASHER.

"Lay forth the gowns—What news with you,
"sir?"

Haber. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porringer;
"A velvet dish: fy, fy, 'tis lewd and filthy:"

Why 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the
time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
too,

And not till then.

Cath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to
speak,

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And if you cannot, best you stop your ears;

"My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

"Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;

"And rather than it shall, I will be free,

"E'en to the utmost as I please in words."

Pet. Thou say'st true, Kate, it is a paultry
cap,

"A custard coffin, bauble, silken pie."

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, aye; come, taylor, let me see't.

O mercy, Heaven! what masking stuff is here?
What's this, a sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-canon;
What up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart!
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what the devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this?

Grum. I see she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

Taylor. You bid me make it orderly and well, According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remember'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel, home;

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:

I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
"More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:"

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Taylor. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh! most monstrous arrogance!
 thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
 thou yard, three-quarters, half yard, quarter,
 nail.

thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!
 'av'd in my own house with a skein of thread!
 say thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
 Or I shall so bemeete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt thinke on prating whilst thou
 liv'st."

tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd the gown.

Taylor. Your worship is deceived, the gown
 made just as my master had direction; Grumio
 gave order how it should be done.

Grum. I gave him no order, I gave him the
 stuff.

Taylor. But how did you desire it should be
 made?

Grum. Marry, sir, with a needle and thread.

Taylor. But did not you request to have it
 cut?

Grum. Though thou hast faced many things,
 cease not me: I say unto thee, I bid thy master
 cut the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to
 pieces. *Ergo*, thou liest.

Taylor. Why, here is the note of the fashion
 to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again ;
Evermore crost, and crost ? nothing but crost !

Grum. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Cath. I see 'tis vain to struggle with my bonds ;

So be it moon, or star, or what you please ;
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Cath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then, you lie, it is the blessed sun.

Cath. Just as you please, it is the blessed sun ;
But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;
And the moon changes, even as your mind :
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be for your Catherine.

Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl
shall run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft, some company is coming here,
And stops our journey.

Enter BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress, where away ?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ;
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !

as the sun breaks thro' the darkest cloud,
 honour 'peareth in the meanest habit.
 Is the jay more precious than the lark,
 because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Is the adder better than the eel,
 because his painted skin contents the eye?
 No, good Kate; neither art thou the
 more
 this poor furniture, and mean array.
 You account 's it shame, lay it on me;
 therefore frolic;" we will hence, forth-
 with,
 and sport it at thy father's house:
 I my men, and bring our horses out.
 O happy hearing! let us straight be-
 lieve;
 not tarry here another day.
 Cannot, my Kate! O fy! indeed you
 n—
 Is, on second thoughts, 'tis now too late,
 look, how bright and goodly shines the
 moon.
 The moon! the sun; it is not moon-
 light now.
 I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
 I say it is the sun that shines so bright.
 Now by my mother's son, and that's my-
 self,
 I be moon, or star, or what I list,

Pet. Chang'd for the better much ; as
my Kate ?

Cath. So good a master cannot choose
mend me.

Hor. Here is a wonder, if you talk of
ders.

Bap. And so it is ; I wonder what it be

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love
quiet life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy ;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and
py.

" *Bian.* Was ever woman's spirits br
soon !

" What is the matter, Kate ? hold u
head,

" Nor lose our sex's best prerogative,

" To wish and have our will.——

" *Pet.* Peace, brawler, peace,

" Or I will give the meek Hortensio,

" Your husband, there, my taming recipe

" *Bian.* Lord, never let me have a ca
sigh,

" 'Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

" *Gram.* [To Bap.] Did I not promise

" Sir, my master's discipline would work
cles ?

" *Bap.* I scarce believe my eyes and ea

" *Bian.* His eyes and ears had felt the
gers, ere

* He should have mop'd me so.

" *Cath.* Alas! my sister——

* *Pet.* Catherine, I charge thee tell this head-
strong woman,

What duty 'tis she owes her lord and husband!

" *Bian.* Come, come, you're mocking, we

" will have no telling.

* *Pte.* Come on, I say.

" *Bian.* She shall not.

" *Hor.* Let us hear, for both our sakes, good

" wife.

" *Pet.* Catherine, begin.

* *Cath.* Fy, fy, unkitt, that threatening, un-

" kind brow,

" And dart not scornful glances from those

" eyes,

" To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.

" It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,

" Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake

" fair buds,

" And in no sense is meet or amiable.

" *Pet.* Why, well said, Kate.

" *Cath.* A woman mov'd is like a fountain

" troubled,

" Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

" And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty,

" Will deign to sip, or touch a drop of it.

" *Bian.* Sister, be quiet——

* *Pet.* Nay, learn you that lesson——On,

" on, I say."

Cath. Thy husband is thy lord, thy li
keeper,
Thy head, thy sov'reign ; one that ca
thee,

And for thy maintenance: commits his t
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure an
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, son Petruch
The battle's won, and thou canst keep th

Pet. Oh ! fear me not——

Bap. Then, my now gentle Catherine,
Go home with me along, and I will add
Another dowry to another daughter,
For thou art changed as thou hadst never

Pet. My fortune is sufficient. Here
wealth ;

Kiss me, my Kate ; and since thou art b
So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,
Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husba
An honest mask which I throw off with
sure.

Far hence all rudeness, wilfulness, and n
And be our future lives one gentle stream
Of mutual love, compliance, and regard.

Cath. Nay, then I'm all unworthy of th
And look with blushes on my former self.

Pet. Good Kate, no more——this is beyond
my hopes——

[Goes forward with Catherine in his hand.]

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
How shameful 'tis when women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where bound to love, to honour and obey.







The Wild Duck.

M^{rs} MOUNTAIN as MATILDA.

Richard

London, Published by John Cuthbert, N. & Catherine Street, Strand Aug. 21

RIHARD CŒUR DE LION,

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE,

BY GENERAL BURGOYNE.

ADAPTED FOR

Theatrical Representation:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

Words distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR

W. CAWTHORN, 5, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND

Seller to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

1806.



Printed by W. Burton, Fetter Lane.

The Right Honourable JOHN BURGOYNE.

This Gentleman was a Privy Counsellor, Lieutenant General in the Army, Colonel of the fourth regiment of foot, and Member of Parliament for Preston in Lancashire.

It is needless in this place to say any thing more, than that he was an elegant writer, and one of the best of men. His urbanity was the result of experience, for few men had seen more of life; his literary talents of much persevering application, for few have written better; and the diversity of his powers cannot be better shewn, than by adding that he was an excellent Officer.

His private character was marked by peculiar liberality; possessing talents such as form the best charm of society, he lived in the great world, and with it; seeking no stamp from eccentricity, but a happy conformity, deriving

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN BURGOYN

variable pleasure, and conciliating envy
esteem.

For the drama he did much openly, but n
in private. Several of his pieces were perform
during his campaign in America, of which ...
copies are left. The following are the pieces
positively announced as his productions: **THE**
MAID OF THE OAKS, Drury Lane, 1774. **THE**
LORD OF THE MANOR, ditto, 1781. **THE**
HEIRESS, ditto, 1785; and **RICHARD COEUR**
DE LION, ditto, 1786.

The general had been long a martyr to ...
gout, which terminated a life useful and emi-
nently agreeable to the world, on the 4th of
August, 1792.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

er a curious circumstance that two pieces of this
eared on the stage within a few days of each
he first was by Mr Mac Nally, at Covent Garden,
ccessful; the other, by General Burgoyne, at
ne, has continued its respectability to the present

ere both professedly taken from a French Opera
e, which had been performed at the Comedie
in Paris; M Sedaine, however, by a stretch of
y had made Margaret of Anjou queen to Richard.
Nally had given her the name of Berengeria,
vise very materially altered the fable in order to
t to probability and historical fact, as well as to
t to representation on the English Stage. The
was commendable; but the audience did not
ir sanction; it was performed for the first time,
teenth of October, 1786.

ce by General Burgoyne, came out at Drury
the twenty-fourth of the same month. The
ving adhered more closely to the original, a chaste
roduced, with only one material, but just al
which is stated in the Advertisement prefixed to

The alteration there explained, does great credit



RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

to the taste and judgment of the General, since it is the whole piece and its business a native and a powerful interest.

The music, which is said to be the same as that of French opera, is tasteful and pleasing.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In adapting the following scenes to the English stage no adventitious matter has been introduced: some liberty, however, has been taken in effecting the principal incident of the piece; the discovery of Richard's confinement being now given to Matilda in place of Blondel, as well to increase the interest of the situation, as to avoid the less affecting interposition of the heroine in the latter part of the drama.—The elegant author of this Romance, will pardon a freedom which has been taken with no other view than that of giving the best assistance of our stage to his admired composition.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY LANE.

							<i>M</i>
RICHARD,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. F
BLONDEL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. B
FLORESTAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. C
Sir OWEN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. D
The SENESCHAL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. E
ANTONIO,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs.
GUILLOT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. F
Old MATHEW,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. G
WILLIAM, Servant to Sir Owen,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. H
A PILGRIM, the Friend of Blondel,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. I
PEASANT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. J

Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

							<i>W</i>
MATILDA,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs.
LAURETTE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	By a
DORCAS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs.
JULIE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss
COLLETTE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss



CHARD CŒUR DE LION,

ACT I,

SCENE I. *A view of a strong castle, situated in wild mountainous country; on one side a rustic mansion-house; on the other a stone seat.*

During the overture, OLD MATHEW, DORCAS, and several peasants, pass over the stage with their working tools, as returning from their labour.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

COME sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come sing, come dance,
Old Matthew's wedding-day.
Yes, to-morrow, you know.
To his house we shall go,

*To drink, and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.*

Old M. *I am happy, I swear,
My Dorcas, my dear,
To think that to-morrow is our wedding-day.*

DUET. *Dorcas and Old Mathew.*

*Though we're sixty years old,
Let the young ones behold,
Our age, like our youth, is contented and good.*

CHORUS.

*Come sing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come sing, come dance,
Old Mathew's wedding-day,
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To his house we shall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, sing, and play;
Away with all sorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.* [Exit

MATILDA, after the last chorus, enters, led in

ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, what sounds were those? Surely they were singing.

. It is only the villagers who are returning
to the fields; the sun is setting, and they have
finished their work.

. Where are we now, my gentle guide?

. You are not far from a great old castle,
towers and battlements, And there now,
had your sight, you might see two sol-
diers on the walls with their cross-bows.

. I am sadly tir'd.

Stay—this way—here is a stone—it is
like a seat—[*Matilda sits.*—]—what a pity
you cannot see the prospect; though so wild, it
is to be as fine as any in all Germany.
Just opposite to us is a very well looking
'tis a farm, but as good as any gentle-

. Then go, my little friend, and find out
where we can lodge there to-night.

I will, and no doubt you may. The
man is a foreigner, from England, as they say;
though he is very passionate, all the village
is very good-natur'd [*Going, returns.*]
all I find you here when I come back.

Yes, truly, you may be pretty sure of
those that can't see are not over fond of
singing. But you will not fail to return?

No, that I won't. [*Going, stops.*] But,
there is something I have been wanting all
to tell you.

Well, Antonio,—what is it?

Ant. Why it is—it is—oh! I am so

Mat. Speak, child!—tell me what it

Ant. Why it is,—and it vexes me sad
it will not be in my power to be your
morrow.

Mat. How so, my little friend?

Ant. I must go to a wedding.—My
ther and grandmother keep their wed
to morrow, and my grandson, who is t
ther—

Mat. Your grandson—have you a g
Antonio?

Ant. No—*their* grandson, who is
ther, that's it—is to be married at t
time to a sweet pretty little girl of the

Mat. But what will become of me
guide?

Ant. Oh; I'll engage some one for
warrant! and you may contrive to con
wedding, and join in the music, while w
We'll manage, never fear.

Mat. You love dancing, Antonio?

SONG, *Antonio.*

*The merry dance I dearly love,
For then, Collette, thy hand I s
And press it too whene'er I pl
And none can see, and none repro
Then on thy cheek quick blushes
And then we whisper soft and*

Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,

Yet still we are too young, they say,

But we know better sure than they,

Youth should not listen to threescore;

And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,

When next we whisper soft and low;

Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

[Exit.

Mat. Antonio!—he is gone—now then I may safely use my sight.—[Takes the bandage from her eyes.] A fortress, indeed—there are towers, and moats, and battlements. They say it is strongly guarded, and almost inaccessible. Its appearance at least justifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild and sequester'd spot, such a pile could only be employed to hide some mighty captive.—Oh, Richard! my hero! my beloved! what hardships may you not be enduring! nor have you even the sad consolation to know that your faithful Matilda, exil'd for her love to you, has abandoned every hope and duty, and in this poor and base disguise, pursues your name, and wanders through the world! But here my cares and search shall end. If my foreboding soul misleads me, and this spot affords no tidings of its lord, then, if my heart breaks not, in the near convent's cell I'll hide my woes and shame for ever.

Enter Sir OWEN and GUILLOT.

Sir O. I'll teach you to bring letters to my daughter.

SONG. *Matilda.*

*Oh, Richard ! oh, my love !
By the faithless world forgot,
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.
I alone of all remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,
By the faithless world forgot ;
I, whose bosom sunk in grief,
Least have strength to yield relief.*

*Delusive glory ! faithless pow'r !
Thus the valiant you repay,
In disaster's heavy hour,
Faithless friendship's far away.
Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart,
From tenderest truth,
Though hopeless, never shall depart.*

*Oh, Richard ! oh, my love !
By the faithless world forgot ;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.*

But I hear a noise ; I must resume my disguise.

Al. Sir, 'twas the governor sent me.

O. The governor! what's the governor to

ARTETTO. *Matilda, Guillot, Sir Owen, and
Laurette.*

Sir O. *What care I for the governor?*

Mat. *Oh! should it be this governor.* [*Aside.*]

Guil. *He sent me, I knew no better,*

—————with the letter.

Sir O. *My daughter listen to his art,*

What my Laurette

So far forget,

The modest virgin's duteous part!

—And thou—I pray [*To Guillot*]

Good knave, shall I the postage pay?

Guil. *No, Sir, indeed,*

There is no need,

I'm gone with speed.

Enter LAURETTE.

Sir O. *Pray tell your governor,*

His hopes are vain

Laurette to gain.

His lordship is by far too good,

And I wou'd thank him if I cou'd.

Mat. *If of this castle he should be
The governor---what joy for me.* [Aside]

Guil. *Yet he's my lord the governor.*

Sir O. *What's he to me, your governor;*

Begone, I say,

You'd best not stay;

And you, if ever I discover---

[To Laurette]

You lend an ear

To this designing lover,

Then, then, you shall have cause to fear

Mat. *Ah! should it be, what joy for me.*

[Aside]

*Come, come, my friends, no quarrel
pray,*

[To them]

Your anger cease,

Keep, keep the peace.

Laur.

What can this be?

I never see,

The governor.

Mat. *Ah! should it be this governor,*

Ah! should it be, what joy for me.

[Aside]

*Come, come, my friends, no quarrel
pray,*

Your anger cease,

Keep, keep the peace, &c.

[Exit Guille]

Sir O. *Get into the house---in, I say.* [Enter Laurette.] *She tells me she never sees him---*

she never speaks to him, and yet he writes
 . The governor is a very civil gentleman,
 he wants to run away with my daughter---
 she is very obedient to her father---only
 do nothing I bid her---I should like to
 what all this is now. [*Looking at the let-*
 ---The governor writes a military hand---
 tters edge out a chevaux de frize fashion---
 zigzag---like his own fortification---I can't
 any way through it---I wish I had some-
 to decipher it---Oh! here's a sort of an
 idish lad---I may trust him---Youngster---
 ou read?

t. Oh! yes, Sir.

O. Well then read me this.

[*Offers the letter.*

t. Oh! indeed, Sir! I could once, but the
 Saracens---

O. The Saracens---what did the Saracens
 you?

t. The cruel monsters put out my eyes,
 g taken me prisoner in a great battle, where
 page to a captain in King Richard's ar-
 But have you not seen a little boy?

O. Yes.

t. 'Tis he who guides me---He can read,
 ill do whatever you bid him.

O. Oh! here he comes, I believe.

c ij

Enter ANTONIO.

Mat. Antonio, is that you?

Ant. Yes, 'tis I.

Mat. Take the letter which the ge
here will give you, and read it aloud to

Ant. [*Reading.*] ' Beautiful Laurette

Sir O. Pshaw!

Ant. ' Beautiful Laurette, my hea
flows w th ecstasy and gratitude, for the
surances you give me of eternal affection

Sir O. Eternal affection---and that pi
into an ecstasy---very well.

Ant. If my attendance on the prisone
I must not quit---

Mat. [*Aside.*] The prisoner!

Ant. ' If my attendance on the p
whom I must not quit, would suffer n
out during the day---I would hasten t
myself---

Sir O. Into the ditch of your castle, I

Mat. Whom I must not quit. [*As*
Read on quickly---[*To Antonio.*]

Ant. ' I would hasten to throw myself
feet. But if this night'---here are some
blotted out.

Mat. Well, what follows?

Ant. ' Contrive some means to inform
what hour I may speak to you. Your
faithful, and eternally constant FLO

Sir O. Here's a damn'd governor for

h! if I had him in England on the top of enmanmawr.

Mat. What! are you a Briton then?

Sir O. Yes, I am, Sir, and an enemy to
aves of course, in love or out——

Mat. Glorious nation!—But how comes it
ir, that you are settled so far from your native
untry?

Sir O. Oh! that's too long a story to tell you,
at it would not have happen'd if I hadn't gone
the crusades at Palestine.

Mat. What, under the brave Richard?

Sir O. Brave! aye! I would follow him to
the world's end—my ruin was no fault of his—
Well, you must know, that when I returned
from Palestine, I found my father was dead——

Mat. He was very old perhaps.

Sir O. No—but he was slain by a neighbour
of his in single combat: on my return I re-
veng'd his death.

Mat. Of course—you fled——

Sir O. Yes, with my daughter and wife, who
is since dead—my castle and my lands were
forfeited—and after fighting her battles, I was
sentenc'd by my ungrateful country——

Mat. A hard and ill return indeed——

Sir O. No such thing, Sir——'Twas justice,
though severe: a Briton suffers no man to abuse
his country but himself.

Mat. Heaven forbid I should traduce
But, Sir, one request.

Sir O. [*Looking out.*] It must be the
stay, good youth.—I see some friends you
expect. If you wish refreshment—the
and friendless are never driven from my
[1]

SCENE II. *A Gothic chamber.*

Enter MATILDA, LAURETTE, and ANTOINETTE.

Laur. Pray, good youth, tell me what
other has been saying to you.

Mat. Are you the pretty Laurette?

Laur. Yes, Sir.

Mat. Your father is very angry—he
the contents of that letter from the Count
Florestan.

Laur. Yes—Florestan is his name—a
you read that letter to my father?

Mat. No—not I—I am blind, alas!—
my little guide.

Ant. Yes, but didn't you bid me read
[1]

Laur. Oh! I wish you had not done so

Mat. Some other person would.

Laur. That's true—and what did the
say?

Iat. It says that on account of the prisoner
that castle—and who is that prisoner?

Iaur. Oh!—no one knows who it is.

Iat. The chevalier cannot come to throw
self at your feet.

Iaur. Poor Florestan!

Iat. But that this night——

Iaur. This night!

SONG. *Laurette.*

*Oh! would the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.*

*Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats, and trembles too.*

*For when my hand he gently presses,
A struggling sigh I fear confesses,
Ah! more than blushes cou'd impart,
And more than words betrays my heart.*

*Oh! would the night my blushes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.*

*Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
Whene'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats, and trembles too.*

Mat. You love him then, Laurette?

Laur. Oh, most dearly, that I do, d night, truly and sincerely.

Mat. And do you not fear to own it?

Laur. No, not to you. You seem kinder-hearted, and you speak gently and then you cannot see me whether I b not---and so---I am not afraid.

Mat. Pretty Laurette!

Laur. But who told you I was pretty?

Mat. Alas! being blind, I guess only voice; the softness and sweetness of beauty to me. But let me counsel you, nocent. These knights, these men of hi cent, beware of them; when they see devoted to your beauty, they are least f of their own rank, and the nobleness soul is overlooked by the pride of the high birth.

Laur. But my birth is not inferior though my father is now in banishment.

Mat. No!--and does he know it?

Laur. Yes; and never talks to me words of goodness and honour: and if i that my father is so passionate, I shou told him every thing long ago.

Mat. And wou'd you, before you h form'd your father, meet this man wh love so, and converse with me, and in th too?---Listen to me.

AIR. *Matilda and Laurette.*

Mat. *The god of love a bandeau wears ;
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded ?
'Tis to shew us that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrowded.*

Laur. *Good Sir, repeat that pretty strain,
Pray again, again.
A lesson kind it does impart,
To guard against a lover's art.*

Mat. *With all my heart.
The god of love a bandeau wears ;
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded ?
'Tis to shew you that his pow'r
Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,
As when in darkness shrowded.*

Laur. Look, there are two pilgrims meeting
my father---see---he embraces one of them---
sure, those cannot be the visitors he expected---
I must go---

Mat. A moment, Laurette---I have something
to say to you.

Laur. About Florestan ?

Mat. No !

Laur. Oh ! then I can't stay.

[Exit into the house.]

Mat. They are coming this way. I can tire till my guide comes.

Enter Sir OWEN, BLONDEL, and PILGRIM

Sir O. My brave friend, how rejoic'd I am to see you.—You are well disguised indeed; I myself should never have guess'd it was Blondel.

Mat. Blondel! what do I hear! [*Answering*]

Blond. Caution, my friend. My search would be fruitless indeed, should I be discovered.—
And see. [*Pointing to Matilda*]

Sir O. It is a poor blind youth, a wandering minstrel who diverts the peasants.

Mat. Shall I play, worthy gentlemen? I'll sing a ditty made by a royal lover, on the lady whom he loved. [*Playing*]

Sir O. Why are you so much astonished?

Blond. That was made by my gallant master—prithce go on. [*She plays again*]

Blond. Oh! how it reminds of happy days—Tell me, boy—where could you learn that tune?

Mat. I was taught it by a servant of King Richard's camp, who said he had heard the king himself sing to it.

Blond. Even so;—he made it for the love of our and unfortunate Matilda; unfortunate indeed—for passing through Artois, I learned that she had left her father's court, and fled almost alone,

n the rumour that the royal Richard had
treacherously seized, as he returned from
estine.—O ! if her gallant monarch yet lives,
heaven will guide some of those who seek
to the prison that immures him.

ir O. Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had
lligence.

lond. O ! no---But yesterday I pass'd the Se-
chal's, her father's trusty friend, who with a
ten band of troops, was searching to reclaim
; and he had learned, that stript of her com-
ions by perfidy, or death—deprived she had
ght the sadder prison of a monastery.

fat. The Seneschal so near. [*Aside.*] Gracious
if music has pleas'd you, will you entreat
r kind host to lodge this night a poor harm-
minstrel, who lost his precious sight in
estine, and I will play all night to sooth you.

lond. Poor youth.—He will, I doubt not.---
takes Signs to Antonio, who leads Matilda off.

r O. I had refused him only from the cau-
I thought due to you. But come, you must
et the pilgrim awhile---we'll in to supper
. In the mean time I'll sing you a song,
these my rustic neighbours shall join the
us.

Enter PEASANTS.

SONG.

Sir O. *Let the Sultan Saladin,
Play the rake in Palestine,
While he claims his subjects' duty,
He's himself a slave to beauty,
Wearing baser chains than they.
Well ! well !
Every man must have his way ;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

CHORUS.

*But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

*Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joy is blows and scars ;
Conquer'd pagans fly before him,
Christian warriors all adore him,
Watching, marching night and day.
Well ! well !*

*Every man must have his way ;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

CHORUS.

*But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

*You too, pilgrims, love your trade,
You recruit the bold crusade,
Making zealots cross the ocean,
In a fit of fierce devotion;
Pilgrims love to fast and pray.
Well ! well !*

*Every man must have his way ;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.*

CHORUS.

*But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking. [Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Chamber in the Castle.*

Enter RICHARD and FLORESTAN.

Rich. Florestan !

lor. Sire !

Rich. Your fortune is in your power.

lor. Sire !—my honour is.

Rich. Honour ! to a traitor !—a base ! perfidi-

lor. Did I believe him so, I would not serve

him ; and not believing, I must not listen, where I dare not answer.—

Rich. But Florestan—

[*Florestan bows, and exit.*]

Rich. Oh God!—oh misery!—Is this to be my lot for ever!—Am I doom'd by a vile traitor's craft to wear my life away in ignominious bondage!—But Richard is forgot—deserted by his people—by the world!—[*He looks on a Picture.*] Image of her I love!—come—Oh! calm, console my heart—No—thou dost redouble all my griefs—thou art my despair—O, Death! I call on thee—thy dart alone can break my chains—my freedom is my grave!

SONG.

Rich. *Lost to the world, forgot, forlorn,
In vain to me returns the morn
That brings no more my glorious toils;
Yet bless the beams that gave to sight
This image of my soul's delight,
This heaven of soothing smiles.
Vain is the thought of former power
To sooth the present mournful hour:
O Death! be thou my friend;
Hopeless I live, my sorrows end.* [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Theatre represents the inner Works of an old Fortification. Towards the Front is a Terrace inclosed by Ra'ls and a Fosse; and so situated, that when Richard appears upon it, he cannot see Matilda, who is upon the outer Parapet.*

The Time, the dawn of Day.

Soldiers lower a drawbridge, which they cross and leave a centinel on each side.

Enter RICHARD and FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN.

Flor. The morning breaks—the fresh air is lighten'd by the dawn—profit of it, Sire, for your health's sake.—Within an hour your guards must do their duty, and you will be again secluded from the day. *[Exit.*

[Richard walks to the further end of the terrace, and remains in a posture of deep despair.

D ij

Enter MATILDA and ANTONIO on the other side of the fosse and parapet.

Mat. Antonio, stay awhile; here on this ground we'll rest—I love to feel the pure air—it is the balmy breath of morn, when the sun's approach. Where are we now?

Ant. Close to the parapet of the castle you bid me bring you to.—[*Matilda offers to get upon the parapet.*] Ah! don't attempt to get upon it—you'll fall,

Mat. Indeed! Well here, kind boy, with this money, and go buy something for us to eat for breakfast.

Ant. You have given me a great deal—

Mat. Keep for yourself what is too much for me.

Ant. Oh, thank you! and pray take care not to go too near the moat.

Mat. When you return we will walk in the shade—shall we?—You don't answer me—You are gone—and now then—[*Lifts up the banderol and raises herself on the parapet.*] Ah! no one has seen!

Rich. A year—a year is pass'd! hope is exhausted!

Mat. How still! how silent—Sure the walls enclose him, my voice may reach the deepest recesses—Oh! if he is here he will remember the strain—'twas the offering

earliest love in happy days—of love for her, who now uncertain of his fate—yet shares his misery.

Rich. No cheering thought! no glimmering ray of consolation—O memory!—O Matilda!

[*Matilda plays.*

Rich. What sounds!—heavens!—the very strain I once—Oh! let me hear——

MATILDA sings.

*One night in sickness lying,
A prey to grief and pain,*

Rich. Heaven, that voice!

MATILDA Sings.

*When aid of man was vain,
And hope and life were flying,
Then came my mistress to my bed,
And death and pain and sorrow fled.
[She stops and raises herself to listen.*

RICHARD, while she sings, having expressed the extremes of surprise, hope, and joy, seems to endeavour to recall to his memory the rest of the ditty, and recollecting it, answers,

*The gentle tears soft falling
Of her whom I adore,*

*My tender hopes recalling,
 Did life and love restore.
 Could I but view Matilda's eyes,
 Fortune, thy frowns I should despise.*

TOGETHER.

*Richard.
 The gentle tears soft falling
 Of her so long ador'd,
 My tender hopes recalling,
 Have love and life restor'd.*

*Matilda.
 My gentle tears fast falling
 For him so long ador'd,
 His tender hopes recalling,
 Have love and life restor'd.*

After Matilda has repeated the strain, shewing great Joy, Florestan and Soldiers appear. Florestan requests the King to retire into the Castle—he does so, while another party seize Matilda, and passing a drawbridge, bring her into the front of the works.

DUO and CHORUS. *Matilda, Guards, &c.*

CHORUS. *Soldiers.*

*Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou?
 Who sent thee here? Whence come, and
 how?*

*Mat. Are you strangers passing near,
 Pleas'd, perhaps, my song to hear?*

CHORUS. *Soldiers.*

- To prison straight, to prison straight,
There he may sing early and late.*
- at. *Ah, good Sir, no anger, pray,
With pity hear what I've to say!
The Saracens, so fierce in fight,
Have depriv'd me of my sight.
I know not what this anger's for,
I've business with the Governor;
'Tis of moment you will see,
And he should know it instantly.*

CHORUS. *Soldiers.*

- You know not what our anger's for,
And wou'd speak with the governor?*
- at. *'Tis of moment, you will see,
And he should know it instantly.*

CHORUS. *Soldiers.*

*Well, you shall see the governor,
He'll tell you what our anger's for!
But since your business is of weight,
We'll suspend awhile your fate.
Hark!—he comes, the governor;
And now take heed, take heed, pert youth,
To tell the truth;
For if you lie,
If you lie to the governor,
Your fate is fix'd, you surely die.*

Enter FLORESTAN.

Mat. Where is the governor?

Flor. Here!

Mat. On which side?

Flor. Here!—

Mat. I have something of importance to communicate to him.

Flor. Attempt no trifling, or you perish instant.

Mat. Ah, Sir! those who have lost their are half depriv'd of life already!—Is it for a blind minstrel like me to attempt to de you?

Flor. Speak then.

Mat. Are we alone?—Now I think my d can't fail. [2

Flor. [*Signs to the soldiers, who retire.*] are alone.

Mat. Then, Sir, the lovely Laurette—

Flor. Speak lower.

Mat. The beauteous Laurette, Sir, has to me the letter you sent her yesterday which you expressed your joy at her confession her love for you, and press so much for opportunity to speak with her.

Flor. Well, my good friend, and what she?

Mat. She says you may safely call a

father's house this evening, at any hour you please.—

Flor. At her father's house!

Mat. Yes; she says her father has some friends with him, to whom he means to give a fete, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his house, where there will be nothing but feasting, dancing, and merriment; during which, Laurette says, she will find means to speak with you, and you may easily make a pretence for a visit.

Flor. Tell her I will not fail—but how came she to employ you in this business?—you are blind.

Mat. The less likely to be suspected—she loves to hear me play and sing—and she has been so generous to me, I would risk any thing to serve her—besides, I brought a little guide with me.

Flor. You have manag'd extremely well—and the noise you made I suppose was on purpose to be brought before me.

Mat. For what could it be else?—But with your guards forsooth, I was a spy, a lurking emissary, trying to discover who was imprison'd here—ha! ha!

Flor. Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous enough!—But you have really done it very well—Here is a purse for

[Offers money.]

Mat. Pardon, good governor—should a be near, and observe that you reward me will suspect something——

Flor. 'Tis very true—— [*He crosses by*]

Mat. But, Mr. Governor, lest they shou

Flor. Well!

Mat. Oh, you are on that side—I say, they should guess at my errand, had'nt you ter seem angry, and so reprimand me, and me back?

Flor. [*Signs to the soldiers to come down.*] You are right—upon my life this is a very clever —though he is blind.

DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

Mat. Sir, to blame me is most hard,
For the noise pray blame the guard.

Flor. They should not send such foolish boys,
For such a message—such a noise.

. CHORUS. Soldiers.

Silence! fellow, and begone,
'Twas you alarm'd the garrison.

Enter ANTONIO frightened and crying.

Ant. Ah! good sir, forgive him pray,
Ah! hear with pity what I say;
The Saracens so fierce in fight,
Have depriv'd him of his sight,
And shut him from the blessed light.

CHORUS. Soldiers. [To MATILDA.

'Tis well for thee,
For could'st thou see,
Thou had'st died by our decree.
So haste away,
Begone, I say,
And if again we catch you here,
Be assur'd 'twill cost you dear.

Mat. *Sirs, I believe ye,
Nor will deceive ye,
Never more will I appear,
Never more offend you here.*

Ant. *In truth if here
He does appear,
It shall be
Without me.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A great Hall in Sir OWEN's House.*

BLONDEL and FRIEND, with Sir OWEN.

BLONDEL.

Blond. My friend, I would without profession trespass on your hospitality, but in truth, we must away---our search I do perceive, is fruitless here---and till I learn some tidings of my royal

master's state, I cannot tarry for mirth's sake—therefore we leave you to your rural guests, and may gay content be with you.

Sir O. I cannot blame your haste, though I lament it—yet one night methinks—you will see gay pastimes and simple jollity, but such as will divert you, believe me; and see here is my little prattler Julie will join in my request.

Enter JULIE.

[She is going to speak, but seeing the strangers, she runs to Sir OWEN and whispers him.]

Sir O. Surely, my child—She tells me she's to dance to-night if I approve it.

Julie. O, Sir—but it was to be a secret—you were not to have said a word about it yet.

Sir O. No!—well, they will not betray you—they are going to leave us, Julie—can't you persuade them to stay?

Julie. They look so grave I am afraid of them.

Sir O. Oh! go—try.

Julie. *[Goes to Blondel, and takes his hand.]* Pray, sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be so merry?

Blond. We are very sorry, my pretty hostess, that it must be so.

Julie. But indeed you shall not go—for if

away, my father will have no one to talk
le we are all dancing and running about.

O. You little rogue, how do you know but
nd to dance myself?

ie. Lord, sir, that would be pleasant—
a! I should like to see you dance!

O. Well, you are very good, however,
to wish me to be some way amused—it is
onsiderate in you.

ie. Yes, sir, because then you would have
hing else to do than to mind us——

O. So!—very well, innocent!

ie. Then pray, gentleman, don't go—let
treat you to stay for our festival.

JULIE sings.

*Let me, gentle pilgrim, entreat you comply,
'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny;
Kind sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
To hail with glee our wedding day,
The green, with garlands fresh and fair,
What delight, wou'd you our pastime share.
With dance and song
We'll join the throng
And banish every care;
For such a theme,
Though young I seem,
Yet sing I may one tender lay.*

*O Love! O gentlest pow'r,
Smile on the wedding hour.*

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the Seneschal is come, leaving troops above the wood; with a few followers he waits impatiently to speak to you——

Sir O. I come. [*Exit Servant.*] My friend it shall not be farewell yet; I will return.

[*Exit, leaving Julie, who looks back, and makes signs to Blondel not to leave them.*]

Friend. You still avoid being known to the Seneschal.

Blond. Perhaps I may safely disclose myself but wherefore, if Richard——

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. There is a youth without, who says must be admitted to you.

Blond. To me?

Serv. He that you heard play and sing yesterday.

Blond. Pray let him come.—[*Exit Servant.*] And after we will pursue our journey.

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. How, sir? Did you doubt to see me?

I have spent the day requesting it. You should not have paused upon it, but hear me and alone.

[Exit Pilgrim.

Blond. I knew not your desire sooner---but how is this, good youth---you were blind yesterday?

Mat True; and ought I not to bless heaven that the first object which presents itself to my restor'd sight is---Blondel!

Blond. Ha!---you know me then?

Mat. Yes;---and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? Oh! has no powerful impulse work'd upon your heart? Has no instinctive warning check'd the ill-guided purpose, stirr'd in your alarm'd bosom, and chid the rash desertion of your valour's duty? Then perish, royal Richard! waste on, proud soul, in base captivity---thy careless friends pass by thy prison gates, and man and heaven desert thee!

Blond. What can this mean? my royal master---

Mat. Blondel---your king---your leader---your friend---pass but these gates and you behold his prison---but hold ---

Enter Sir OWEN speaking to the SENESCHAL and Two KNIGHTS.

Sir O. Nay, but the youth you speak of is---

Senesc. Matilda---my noble mistress!

[*Kneels.*] thus let me excuse the abrupt
sion of my duty

Blond. Matilda!

Mat. Rise, Seneschal!--Yes, Matilda
gitive from all she owed her station at
ther's love---but tell them peerless Rich
the cause---and tell them too, that hee
length has sanction'd what resistless h
solved---Seneschal, I know your zeal, a
attachment to your master's friend---Sir
your monarch is in chains---and you are
ton-----

Sir O. We will deliver him, or die!

[*While the symphony plays, some of
neschal's party go out and return with
their friends, to whom they seem to rela
has passed as they range themselves
Matilda.*

DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

Mat. *Ye cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a prisoner ther*
CHORUS. Cavaliers.

*Strange the tidings that you brin
Great Richard---England's
King!*

Mat. *Ye cavaliers, yon castle drear,
Great Richard is a prisoner ther*

CHORUS. *Cavaliers.*

*Can it be what you relate?
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?*

Mat. *'Twas I, with song and veiled eyes,
Approach'd the walls in safe disguise;
His voice I heard—Ah doubt ye yet?
And cou'd my heart that voice forget?
No, Cavaliers, yon castle drear,
King Richard is a pris'ner there,
But long a pris'ner shall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free?*

CHORUS. *Cavaliers.*

*Not long a pris'ner shall he be.
Let us arm;
Here we swear to set him free.
Give th' alarm!*

Blond. *Haste is vain,
'Tis prudence must his freedom gain;
Prudence must your rage restrain.*

CHORUS. *Cavaliers.*

Let us arm.

Mat. *Blondel, check the rash alarm.
What shou'd be done, oh, quickly tell;
Cavaliers, oh, listen to Blondel.*

CHORUS. *Cavaliers.*

Blondel ! Blondel ! it is Blondel

Mat. *Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel,
The friend of Richard—mark h*

Blond. *Let our deeds our friendship tell
In the battle—mark Blondel.*

CHORUS. *Cavaliers.*

Let us arm, &c. &c.

Mat. And you, my gallant friends
thanks would wrong you—the cause is y
You, Sir Owèn, know this governor.
man whom gold——

Sir O. I must be just. He's one wh
ther fear nor interest will sway.

Blond. Then force alone's our hope.

Mat. Attend a moment—Sir Owen, F
is appris'd, that you intend this night
feast; he means to be a partaker of you
in hopes of speaking with Laurette.

Sir O. How?

Mat. I cannot now explain this: but
sured he will be here. Some chosen
may then surround him, and demand th
deliverance. If he refuses——

Blond. Then to arms!--Here indeed
Seneschal, direct your men to pass th

Act III. RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

20

and nearer the morass attend our signal. Let us prepare and arm.

[Exeunt Blondel, Seneschal, and Cavaliers.]

Enter LAURETTE and SERVANTS.

Laur. My father, your village friends will be here straight, and the music is not yet come--- then how shall we dance?

Sir O. They will be here, my child---fear not, my dear Laurette.

[Sir Owen seems to give directions to the Servants.]

Laur. My dear Laurette, so! he's not angry, with me now---my dear father, *[To Sir Owen.]* now I am happy! only I wish Florestan could be here to-night.

Mat. [Aside.] Charming Laurette! but I dare not trust her yet---'tis happy, however, that the course we have determined on, is free from any peril to Florestan---in the midst of my own anxieties, I am interested for her happiness.

[Matilda goes to Laurette and talks to her. Laurette expresses surprize at seeing her no longer blind.]

Sir O. And mark me, you William, set my old buckler and great sword in my closet.

Will. Sir, they'll be cumbersome to dance in.

Sir O. Fellow, do as I bid you. *[Pushes him]*

out.] Oh, more lights here in the hall--and ye hear---be ready to welcome all comers
 [Exit Servant.] [Observing Laurette and Matilda.] I must not appear in their secrets yet.

TRIO. MATILDA, LAURETTE, and SIR OWEN

MATILDA. [*Aside to Laurette.*]

*Yes, yes, Fl. restan will be here,
 After the dance he will appear.*

LAURETTE.

*Oh! what delight, what joy 'twill be
 Sure he'll find means to speak to me.*

MATILDA. [*To Sir Owen, seeing him approach.*]

*We no secrets have, good knight,
 I am saying that my sight
 Is again restor'd to light.*

LAURETTE. [*Very demurely.*]

*Yes, my father, very true.
 We no secrets have from you,
 The youth's well bred and honest too.*

SIR OWEN.

*I'm sure you have no mystery,
 Pray talk on, and don't mind me.*

LAURETTE. [*To Matilda, aside.*]

*But does he know how well I love,
 And does he swear he'll constant rove*

MATILDA.

*Had you but seen the gen'rous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.*

LAURETTE.

——— *Kneel and vow.
Ah! he'll be true; I'm happy now.*

SIR OWEN.

*What, he tells thee that his sight
Is again restor'd to light!*

LAURETTE.

*Yes, my father, very true.
We no secrets have from you:
He is saying that his sight,
Is again restor'd to light.*

MATILDA.

*We no secrets have, good knight,
I am saying that my sight
Is again restor'd to light.*

SIR OWEN.

What, he tells thee, &c. &c.

LAURETTE.

*Yes, my father &c. &c.
[Tabors and pipes heard behind the scenes.*

Sir O. So, our guests are at hand. My Laurette, give them welcome,

JULIE runs in.

Julie. They are all coming, and all so gay, and so neatly dress'd—indeed, Sir, they are—and I saw the little bride myself, blushing, and looking so pretty.—Dear, it must be a charming thing to be married!

Laur. Yes, they are coming indeed, sir.

Sir O. And are you ready, my little Julie, with the dance you—

Julie. Yes, that I am. But pray what are all those fine knights gathering about the house for? They don't look as if they came to be merry. Indeed, sister, they look so fierce, you'd be frighten'd.

Sir O. Oh no, my child, they will not hurt us.

Julie. No!—then I vow they shall all dance, swords, and helmets and all.

[She runs to meet the Peasants, who appear.]

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

*Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd;
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.*

Pea. *When alone the maid sits pining,
Nature's beauties seem declining,
Nothing can afford delight;
But the favour'd youth appearing,
With his presence all things cheering,
Flowers how sweet---the sun how
bright.*

CHORUS.

*Join hearts, join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd;
Nothing's joy that is not shar'd.*

Ant. *O'er the sultry mountain ranging,
Shade and pasture ever changing,
Soon I tire my flock to tend:
But if chance Collette address me,
Toil and heat no more oppress me,
Soon, too soon, my labours end.*

CHORUS.

*Join hearts---join hands,
In loving bands.
None are hapqy, &c, &c.*

DANCE OF PEASANTS.

FLORESTAN *having entered, and requested LAU-
RETTE to be his partner, is preparing to dance
drums beat to arms. The peasants retire.*

Flor. Ha! what do I hear!

[*Sir Owen and Matilda's knights approach him.*

Sir O. Sir—you are my prisoner.

Flor. Sir!

Sir O. You.

Flor. What treason is this?

CHORUS OF CAVALIERS.

*Vain defiance, strive no more,
Yield our king—our chief restore;
Vain resistance—fate's decree
Sets imprison'd Richard free.*

Flor. Threats he fears not, who is just
To his honour, to his trust. [Exeunt.

Scene changes, and represents the castle assaulted by MATILDA's troops. BLONDEL puts himself at the head of the pioneers, and the assault continues. RICHARD appears on the fortress without arms, endeavouring to free himself from three armed soldiers. BLONDEL mounts the breach, runs to the king, wounds one of the guards, and snatches his sword; the king seizes it; they put the rest of the soldiers to flight. BLONDEL then throws himself at RICHARD's feet, who embraces him—At this moment is heard the grand chorus of Long live the King!

The besiegers display the colours of MATILDA who appears. She sees RICHARD at liberty flies towards him, and sinks in his arms. FLORESTAN is then conducted to the king by the Seneschal and Sir OWEN. RICHARD returns him his sword.

Rich. O love! O gratitude!—But O Matilda!—what can I say to thee, my soul's beloved my deliverance! my reward! [*Embraces her To Sir Owen, &c.*] I have more thanks to pay My heart feels all it owes. And when to my native England I return, so may I prosper in my subject's love, as I cherish in the memory of my sufferings here—a lesson to improve my reign—compassion should be a monarch's nature—I have learn'd what 'tis to need it—the poorest peasant in my land, when misery presses, in his king shall find a friend.

FINALE.

*Oh blest event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we sing;
Oh! may they with resistless pow'r,
Protect the blessings which they bring.*

CHORUS.

*Faithful lovers, banish fear,
Our delight, our triumph share.*

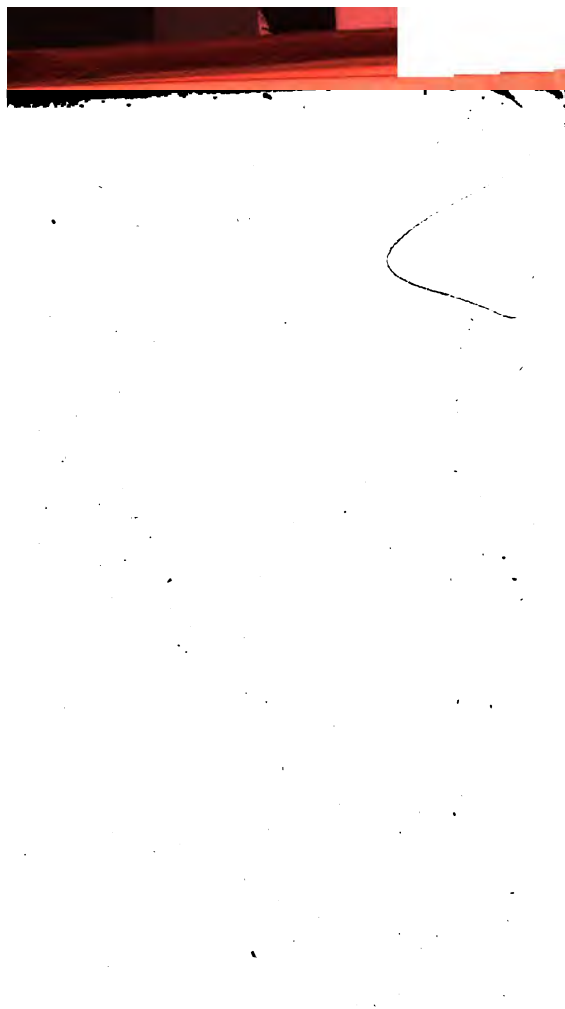
TRIO *Matilda, Laurette, and Blondel.*

*No more shall doubt or sorrow
Disturb my anxious breast,
The sun that gilds to-morrow,
At length beholds me blest.*

CHORUS.

*Oh ! blest event !—oh ! glorious hour !
Liberty and love we sing ;
Oh ! may they with resistless pow'r,
Protect the blessings which they bring !*

FINIS.





De Wilde Pre:

MR. DIGNUM as TOM

London Published by John Cawthorne, No. 6 Catherine Street

THE
WATERMAN;
OR,
THE FIRST OF AUGUST,
A
BALLAD OPERA,
BY
CHARLES DIBDIN, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR
Theatrical Representation:
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES ROYAL, DRURY LANE,
AND
COVENT GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,
By Permission of the Managers.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

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THE WATERMAN.

THIS production of Mr. Dibdin's was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre in the Year 1774. The Plot is very simple or rather barren. Robin a Fribble, in love with a young woman is supported by Mrs. Bundle, whilst Tug, the Waterman is encouraged by the young woman's father. The effect is a ludicrous courtship; and after several contentions between Mrs. Bundle and her husband which shall be their son-in-law, Tug, upon gaining Dogget's coat and badge, wins the heart of his mistress, and obtains the general consent to his marriage with Wilelmina. The songs in the piece and their pleasing music, have supported this Opera, without any peculiar merit in itself, till the present period; it is rather a pretty, than an excellent performance.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY LANE.

TUG, Mr.
BUNDLE, Mr.
ROBIN, Mi

Mrs. BUNDLE, M
WILELMINA, M

COVENT GARDE

TUG,
BUNDLE,
ROBIN,

Mrs. BUNDLE,
WILELMINA,



THE
WATERMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Gardener's Garden, where several Gardeners are at work, some digging, &c. others, together with several Women tying up bundles of Asparagus. Bundle and Tug seated under a Tree, at Breakfast upon cold Roast Beef; a Tunkard of Beer upon the Table.

LABOUR, lads, e'er youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on;
Labour is the poor man's wealth;
Labour 'tis that gives him health;
Labour makes us, while we sing,
Happier than the greatest king.
Then labour, lads, e'er youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on.

Bun. This, now, is my delight
fast while the men work. Could
let us make an end of our tea
wife gets up; her raking so in
between you and I, she stay
longer than while she sells tea
keeps her bed woundy late of tea.

Tug. Why, Master Bundle,
thought to myself, that it was
kind of thing how it came to pass
agree so badly; when out of
twenty hours you are hardly ever
them together.

Bun. Ah, Thomas, Thomas
that a man like me can't be allowed
once a-day, without being called
for it; but, between you and
rantest —

Mrs. B. (Within.) What a
there? Where's your lazy, idle

Bun. You hear she has been
usual peal: this is the way to
up.

Tug. And I believe she seldom
she goes to bed; does she, Mr.

Bun. No, nor then neither;
be her way, or there's no getting
soon as the marketing's over in
and her favourite Robin trudging
ling gallery of one of the pictures

they have pick'd up such a pack of damned nonsense, about sentiments and stuff, that I am not only oblig'd to put up with her scolding me all the time I do see her, but I am scolded in a language I don't understand.

Tug. Why, I should like that best now; for then, you know, one has no right to take it for scolding at all.

Bun. O, when once she raises her voice, you never can take it for any thing else.

Tug. Why then, mayhap, it is all concerning this same play-house business that she's so stout against me, and does all she can to serve Master Robin with Miss Wilelminy.

Bun. Ay, there was another of her freaks; she was then as fond of romances as she is now of plays; and though my father, who was as plain a man as myself, swore he would not leave us a farthing if we did not call the girl Margery, nothing would satisfy her, forsooth, but we must give her the name of Wilelmina:—'Tis such a damn'd, confounded, hard name, that I was a matter of three years before I could pronounce it right.

Tug. Well, stand to your oars, for here she comes!

Enter Mrs. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Is it not a most marvellous thing, Mr. Bundle, that I must be such an eternal slave

to my family, in this here manner, your cologuing companions are squandering away your time with and every thing goes to rack and I am such a quiet, well-bred, easy, that never scolds, nor riots; nor d in your ears; but am always as gentle as a lamb.

Bun. You are a very good w my dear, only a little inclin'd to t now had no tongue, or I had no e be the happiest couple in the worl

Mrs. B. What a provocative tongue! But this comes of ma scum of a fellow: one that you m all the tenderness in the world for l any impression upon him.—But right, for 'tis very well known, w I refused upon your account!

Bun. I don't know how it sh wise than well known, my love; I hear of it about six times a-day: don't you think it will be nece orders about loading the cart agai London?

Mrs. B. Sir, I shall not go t night at all. Robin, Miss Wilelm invited to go with a party to s match this afternoon; and afterw be a hop at Mr. Wick's the tall

Here I intend to settle the purliminaries about my daughter's wedding : and I desire you to take care, that the pines are not all gone before next week, for I intend to invite the whole party to a hop here.

Tug. But, Madam Bundle, be'n't you some how or other afraid, that what with one thing and what with another, you'll hop all the money out of your husband's pocket?

Mrs. B. I don't direct my discourse to you, sir ; but 'tis my husband that encourages you to behave in such a brutish and outrageous manner. He has promised you, I know, that you should have my daughter ; but I'll make him to know who's at home, I will :—I'll assure you, indeed !—Such a fellow as you !—a nasty, idling, survy rascalion, that leads a filthy, drunken, lazy life ; sotting in one ale-house, and sotting in another : and shall such a low brute dare to expire to the honour of marrying Miss Wilelmina Bundle?

Tug. I'll tell you what, Ma'am Bundle, I should not care much for marrying your daughter, if she was not of a little better temper than yourself.

Mrs. B. O, the villain !—Why, you vile, wicked ——

Bun. My dear, how can you put yourself in such a passion ; you, you know, who are such a tame creature—one that never scolds, nor riots ?——

Mrs. B. I'll riot you all to some tun will—therefore, Mr. Bundle, unless you w have me sue for a separate maintainance ; what I say—next time I go to London, I take Robin with me to Doctor's-Commons, nothing but your consent to his marrying daughter shall ever make me look upon again.

*My counsel take,
Or else I'll make
The house too hot to hold you ;
Be rul'd, I pray,
I'd something say,
Did I e'er rout or scold you ?
But spite to wreak,
On one so meek,
Who never raves or flics out ;
On me, who am
Like any lamb,
Oh ! I could tear your eyes out.*

[

BUNDLE and TUG.

Tug. Well, and what say you to all this

Bun. Why, I'll tell you what, honest The for me to contradict her, would be much same thing as for you to row against wind tide.

Tug. Why then, that would be bad en Master Bundle.

Bun. But I'll try what I can do with my daughter for you; and all I can say to put your heart is, that if I find her as headstrong and perverse as her mother, I shall advise you to have nothing to do with her, and so save you from hanging yourself in a month.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, if I marries Miss, expect to be a little happier than you are.

Bun. Ah, Tom, Tom! the wisest of us may be deceived!

“ *I just as eagerly as thee,*

“ *Thought when I got a wife,*

“ *My joy, of course, so great would be,*

“ *It needs must last for life.*

“ *When she agreed to tie the knot,*

“ *I thought of nothing else;*

“ *Then all was glee,*

“ *'Twixt her and me,*

“ *Nor did I grudge the king his lot,*

“ *When ding dong went the bells.*

“ *But, ah! our joys were fleeting soon,*

“ *Words that did sweetly fall,*

“ *E'er we had pass'd the honey-moon,*

“ *To wormwood turn'd to gall.*

“ *Whate'er of furies they invent,*

“ *Broke out of flaming cells,*

“ *You now may see,*

“ *In her and me;*

*" We fight, and scold, and both r
 " That ding dong went the bel*

Tug. I don't know but you are in of it. A waterman would be a confour that would put up a sail with the wind both in his teeth—but here comes Miss W. If she marries me, I'll see if I can't g change her name.

Enter Miss WILHELMINA.

AIR.

*Two youths for my love are contending
 For do all they can,
 Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at the
 Which, which is the man
 That deserves me the most? Let me a
 heart,
 Is it Robin, who smirks, or who dresses s
 Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plai
 plan?*

Which, which is the man?

*Indeed, to be prudent, and do what I ou
 I do what I can ;
 Yet surely papa and mamma are in fault
 To a different man*

*They, each, have advis'd me to yield up my heart
Mamma praises Robin, who dresses so smart ;
Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan
Which, which is the man ?*

*Be kind, then, my heart, and but point out th
youth,*

I'll do what I can,

*His love to return, and return it with truth ;
Which, which is the man ?*

*Be kind to my wishes, and point out, my heart,
Is it Robin who smirks, and who dresses so smart !
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness hi
plan ?*

Which, which is the man ?

*Tug. Take my advice, Miss, and let it be
honest Tom.*

Wil. O, you brute ! did you hear me ?

*Tug. Why, Miss, suppose if I did, you a'n't
afraid of speaking your mind, be ye ?*

*Wil. My mind ! why you have not the assur-
ance to pretend that I said any thing in favour
of you ?*

*Tug. Why, no, I can't say directly that you
said as how you'd have me ; but I'm sure you
can't help saying yourself, that it sounded a little
that way.*

*Wil. And do you imagine that I could prefer
you to Robin, sweet Robin, as the song says,*

that's all over a nosegay, and the very pink of good breeding.

Tug. For my part, I makes no comparisons, as a body may say; but I'd be sorry, Miss, if there was not others as agreeable and well behaved as he, however.

Wil. What, yourself, I suppose?—do you know, you odious creature, that he can spout Romeo by heart, and that he's for ever talking similes to me?

Tug. I know he's for ever talking nonsense to you?

Wil. O! hold your filthy tongue: did you but hear him compare my cheeks to carnations, my hands to lilies, my beautiful blue veins to violets, my lips to cherries, my teeth to snow drops, and my eyes to the sparkling dew that hangs upon the rose-trees in the morning—what would you say then?

Tug. Ah! but you know, Miss, that's all in his way.

Wil. Then he writes verses, O, dear me! the author of the opera book in the parlour window is a fool to him for writing: O! he is a very Ovid's Metamorphose!

Tug. Why, for the matter of that, Miss, there are other folks that can write as well as he. What would you say now, if I had wrote something about concerning my falling in love with you?

Wil. I should then begin to have some hopes of you.

Tug. Should you? Why then I have.

Wil. Oh, dear! let's see it.

Tug. It's a song, Miss; I'll sing it to you, if you please.

*And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriar's Bridge us'd for to ply;
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,*

*Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:
He looked so neat, and rowed so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming
an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.*

*What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his
wherry,*

*'Twas clean'd out so nice, and painted with all;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.*

*And oftentimes would they be giggling and
leering;*

*But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and
jeering,*

*For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.*

*And yet but to see how strangely things happen;
As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he
did fall;*

*And would this young damsel but banish his
sorrow,*

*He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow:
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare?*

Well, Miss, how do you like it?

Wil. Like it! why it is the very moral of yourself! If you had not passed half your time between Wapping and the Tower-Stairs, you could never have wrote such a song.

Tug. Didn't I tell you as how it was the thing? Well, now, I hope you will consent?

Wil. Consent to what?

Tug. Why, to marry me; to be sartain, you won't find me like your Mr. Robin, an inconsiderative puppy, that will say more in half an hour than he'll stand to in half a year! I am a little too much of an Englishman, I thank you, Mr. for that; my heart lies in the right place, and as we say, 'tis not always the best-looking that goes the safest.

Wil. And so, Mr. Thomas, you really thank me by all this fine talking, to make me dying love of you?

g. Why, Miss, for the matter of that, I see why I should not.

l. Well, then, I'll tell you what, if you expect to have any thing to say to me, you kneel at my feet, kiss my hand, swear that an angel; that the very sun, moon, and are not half so bright as my eyes; that I upid, Venus, and the three Graces put to-
r.

g. Why, to be sure, all this may be very but why should I speak to you in a lingo I understand?

l. This, as my dear Robin says, is the only age of true lovers; and if you don't understand it already, you'll learn it for my sake.

g. I'll tell you what, Miss, if you don't love me till I make such a fool of myself, 'tis kind you'll never marry me at all. I love to be sartain; there's nobody can say to contrary of that; but you'll never catch me our Cupids and Wenisses; I am plain and right. I'd do all that is in my power to you happy, if you'd have me; and if you don't, I have nothing to do but to cast away and go on board a man of war, for I could bear to stay here if you was married to
er.

l. What, then, you'd leave England, and the love of me?

g. That's what I would, Miss.

Wil. Well, that would be charming! Oh! how I should doat upon it, if I was to hear them cry through Battersea streets, *The unfortunate sailor's lamentation for the loss of his mistress!*

Tug. I'll stick to my word, I assure you; if you won't have me, I'll go on board a man of war.

*Then farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelsea Ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.*

*But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.*

*Then, may-hap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry, poor Tom!*

[Exit Tug]

Enter ROBIN.

Wil. Well, 'tis a most charming thing to plague these creatures—die for me!—if I had not given myself some airs to him, he never could have thought of such a thing; but that's the way, if one does not use them like dogs, there

no getting any thing civil from them—but here comes Robin: I must plague him in another way.

Rob. Miss Wilelmina, may I have the unspeakable happiness to tell you, how much words fall short of the great honour you would prefer upon me, if you would grant me the request of favouring me with your hand this evening at the hop.

Wil. Why, Mr. Robin, what particular inclination can you have to dance with me?

Rob. What inclination, Miss! ask the plants why they love a shower? ask the sun-flower why it loves the sun? ask the snow-drop why it is white? ask the violet why it is blue? ask the trees why they blossom? the cabbages why they grow? 'tis all because they can't help it; no more can I help my love for you.

Wil. Lord, Mr. Robin, how gallant you are!

Rob. Oh, my Wilelmina! thou art straiter than the straitest tree; sweeter than the sweetest flower! thy hand is as white as a lily! thy breath is as sweet as honey-suckles! and when you speak, grace is in all your steps! heaven in your eye; in every gesture—Oh! dear.

Wil. Lord, Mr. Robin, you have said that so often—

Rob. Well, you never heard me say this in your life—now, mind. My heart is for all the world just like a hot-bed, where the seed of

affection, sown by your matchless charms, and warm'd by that sun, your eyes, became a beautiful flower, which is just now full blown ; and all I desires, Miss, is, that you'll condescend to gather it, and stick it in your bosom.

Wil. And what pretensions have you to think I shall ever consent to such a thing ?

Rob. Pretension, Miss ! because my love is boundless as the sea, and my heart is as full of Cupid's arrows as a sweet-briar is full of thorns.

Wil. But I am afraid, if I was foolish enough to believe you, you would soon forget me.

Rob. Forget you, Miss ! 'tis impossible ! sooner shall asparagus forget to grow, seed forget to rise, leaves to fall ; sooner shall trees grow with their roots in the air, and their branches buried in the earth, than I forget my Wilelmina.

Wil. Well, I do declare there's no resisting you.

Rob. Resisting me, Miss ! no, I don't know how you should ; my heart is stock'd with love, as a flower-garden is stock'd with flowers. The Cupids that have fled from your eyes, and taken shelter there, are as much out of number as the leaves on a tree, or the colours in a bed of tulips. You are to me what the summer is to the garden ; and if you don't revive me with the sunshine of your favour, I shall be over-run with the weeds of disappointment, and choak'd up with the brambles of despair.

Wil. That would be a pity, indeed.

Rob. So 'twould, indeed, Miss.

Wil. Do you really love me, then?

Rob. Love you!

*Bid the blossoms ne'er be blighted,
Birds by scare-crows ne'er be frightened,
From the firm earth the oak remove;
Teach the holly oak to grow,
Trees bear cherries,
Hedges berries,
But, prithee, teach me not to love.*

*Grass shall grow than cedars higher,
Pinks shall bloom upon the briar,
Lilies be as black as jet,
Roses smell no longer sweet,
Melons ripen without heat,
Plums and cherries
Taste like berries,*

When Wilhelmina I forget. [Exit Robin.

Enter BUNDLE.

Wil. Oh, papa, ! are you there?

Bun. Hush! hush! speak softly! you have not seen your mother, have you?

Wil. No.

Bun. Because I wanted to talk with you, Wilhelmina, my dear.

Wil. What, upon the old subject, I sup

Bun. Yes ; but I would not have her he

Wil. Oh ! she is safe enough, scolding men in the garden.

Bun. Oh ! that will take her some tin
Well, have you seen Thomas ?

Wil. Yes, I have seen him, and a most de
able figure he cuts ; I believe by this time h
entered himself on board a man of war ! th
as the history-book says, he may put an e
his existence and my cruelty together.

Bun. Why, did he say he would ?

Wil. Don't I tell you I was cruel to him
how could he do any less ?

Bun. Why, the girl's distracted ! bu
comes of gadding about with your mothe
you had listen'd to my advice, I would no
have suffer'd you to put on such ridiculous
ceited airs—why, you and your mother ar
laughing-stock of the whole place ; I neve
my head into the Black Raven to get my p
worth in a morning, but all the folks ar
of it.

Wil. Why, papa, we are only a little
teeler than the rest of the people of Batt
that's all.

Bun. Genteeler ! do you call it genteel,
to take a pleasure in being pointed at ? bu
not bear it ; therefore hear what I have to
or —→

il. Why do you tell me all this? Why you speak to my mamma? 'tis no wonder she does what she pleases with me, when you say you don't care to contradict her yourself.

un. Not dare to contradict her!

il. No, papa; you know she will have her way; and since she has desired me to have it, what can I do but be dutiful?

un. What, then you owe no duty to me, I suppose?

il. Indeed I do; and if I could see that I owed a little to yourself, I would oblige you accordingly.

un. But, as it is, you won't marry Thomas.

il. I can't indeed.

un. And for no other reason, but because mamma insists upon your marrying Robin?

il. No other.

un. Very well; I'll settle the matter: she shall do as I please; and if she was to come and see me now —

Enter Mrs. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. What then, Mr. Bundle?

un. My dear.

Mrs. B. What could have conduced you to your voice to such a pitch? I hope you had the assurance to be tampering, and plotting, undermining my daughter's inclinations; and,

above all, I hope you was not hatching up any vile scheme to impose my authority.

Wil. Poor papa! how he looks.

Bun. Why, my dear, I did intend to say something to you on that subject, but as my tongue does not go quite so fast as a water-mill, I am afraid it would be but to little purpose.

Mrs. B. Scurvy creature!

Wil. If you don't speak, papa, I shall be obliged to marry Robin.

Bun. I can't help it.

Wil. 'Tis all your own fault, now; don't blame me—I must marry Robin; you have perfectly given me your consent.

Bun. So thou could'st but unmarry me, I'd consent to your marrying whoever you pleased.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. B. Well, my dear, what has he been saying to you? nothing, I hope, to discourage you in your infections to Robin.

Wil. Indeed he has; and I can't think of being undutiful.

Mrs. B. Undutiful, indeed! I say undutiful—Which will reflect most upon you, do you think? to obey a mean, poor-spirited, drone of a father, who has nothing but low, mechanical ideas, or a mother who is acquainted with Shakspeare, goes to all the sentimental comedies, can play at cards, dance kittellions and allemandes, and knows every particle of purliteness and high breeding?

Very true, Ma'am ; but then Mr. is such a sweet young man.

B. He !

So good-natured.

B. The Vandil !

So honest !

B. Low creature !

U. Such an immensity of love !

rs. B. The Hottentot ! I'll tell you what, Wilmina, your father has put all this into your blood's up, for daring to be beforehand with ; and then I have but one word to say to you, either comply and marry Robin, or else I'll inherit you from any share in the blood of my family, the Grograms ; and you may creep through life, with the dirty, pitiful, mean, paltry, low, ill-bred notions, which you have gathered from his family, the Bundles.

" Wilhelmina, you see I'm quite cool ;

" Obey me, 'tis all for your good ;

" Or may I be counted a fool,

" If I own you for my flesh and blood.

" Prefer such a lout, Miss, for shame,

" To Robin so spruce and so trim ;

" But your father it is that's to blame,

" And so I shall e'en talk to him.

[Exit

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ACT II.

BUNDLE, *Mrs. BUNDLE.*

Bundle.

WHAT shall I do with this perverse girl? I have but poor comfort for my friend mas. However, all things considered, I 't know whether I should not have done him ore unfriendly office by marrying him than keeping him single. For my own part, was choose whether I would keep my wife or the plague, on my conscience I should run risk of the last. But, mercy on us, here she es—'tis a strange thing that I never mention word plague but she's at my elbow.

Mrs. B. Mr. Bundle—I shall be very cool,

Jun. I hope so, my dear.

Mrs. B. What the devil is the reason that you e been making all this here piece of work?

Jun. My dear.

Mrs. B. I say, Str, how comes it to pass, that pite of all my conjunctions to the contrary, will behave so monstrously shameful as to ge me to put myself in these here passions.

Bun. Why, my dear, are you ever in a passion?

Mrs. B. Don't provoke me—you think, I suppose, because you have got your daughter on your side, to carry all before you; but, Mr. Bundle, though you have been coaxing and wheedling her to marry that low, dirty—I won't bemean myself by repeating his filthy name; though, I say, she has been undutiful and wicked enough to suffer such a low, unpolite clown as you, to persuade her to marry a fellow as vulgar and as mean as yourself; yet if I have any authority, you shall no more carry it off in the manner you think——

Bun. My dear——

Mrs. B. I won't hear a word.

Bun. Have a moment's patience now, and I'll convince you.

Mrs. B. I won't have patience; nor I won't be convinced, 'tis a shame, and a scandalous thing; and whoever tells me to be patient, or wants to convince me, it shall be the worse for them.

Bun. Go on, my dear.

Mrs. B. Oh, how I am used! I could hang myself for vexation.

[Crying.]

Bun. My dear, if you had but about half as much reason as you have passion, how very easily could all these matters be settled; for you are wrong from the beginning to the end in this

1 the first place, I don't think it would indutiful in a girl to do what her father er, was it as you say; in the next, I er to give her consent to marry Thomas, but she refused me.

B. Why, this is worse than t'other—me ill, and then result me—for the girl with her own mouth, that she promis- o marry Thomas.

And she told me, with her own mouth, promised you to marry Robin.

B. What am I to think of this?

E'en what you please, my dear; you never dictate to you.

Enter WILHELMINA.

B. Here she comes herself, we shall e truth of all this. Come here, child, genuously now: did not you tell me that id not marry Robin?

I did, ma'am.

B. There, Mr. Bundle—and pray what id you give me for it?

Because papa had persuaded me to mar- nas.

B. And have you the confidence to look ie face after all this?

Pray hear me one word?

c iij

THE WATERMAN.

Mrs. B. I won't hear a syllable.
Bun. Nay, let me speak in my turn. Wil.
na, come here, child, speak ingenuously;
and not you tell me you would not marry Tho.
nas?

Wil. I did, sir.

Bun. There, Mrs. Bundle—and pray what
reason did you give me for it?

Wil. Because my mamma had persuaded me
to marry Robin.

Bun. And have you the confidence to look
me in the face after this?

Mrs. B. Why, you little dirty Trollop, have
you been making a jest of us both?

Bun. Indeed, my dear, there is something—
Wil. Hear me, my dear papa and mamma;
when first you proposed Robin to me, and you
Thomas, I determined to have neither, 'till one
or the other had given me some proof beside tel-
ling me so, that he would make me a faithf-
and affectionate husband; the first that d-
shall have me; and though I would not wish
have either of you think me undutiful, on
alone shall depend my giving my consent to
wife.

*In vain, dear friends, each art to try
To neither lover's suit inclin'd;
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.*

*The empty coxcomb which you chose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.*

*Your choice an honest aspect wears;
To give him pain I oft have griev'd
But it proceedeth from my fears;
Than me much wiser are deceiv'd.
I thank you both, then, for your love,
Wait for my choice a little while;
And he who most shall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile. [Exit.*

Bun. Well, my dear, what do you say to all this?

Mrs. B. Say! why that I am perfectly in a quandary; the confidence of the baggage goes beyond all—one would think she had never been educated by me.

Bun. Oh! I am afraid its her having been educated by you, as you call it, that has taught it her.

Mrs. B. What do you stand muttering there about? 'tis you she may thank for all these mean notions: if she would but suffer me to teach her a little of the bone-tone, she would despise the idea of consulting her heart about marrying; such low mechanical stuff has been out of fashion

a long time since among people that know how to bemean themselves.

Bun. Well, but I suppose you intend to let her do what she pleases.

Mrs. B. No, sir; do you think I am so tame as to be ruled by my daughter? I believe you can witness for me that I seldom let any body rule but myself.

Bun. You never let any body rule but yourself, my dear; and you really do it so well, it is a pity to hinder you.

Mrs. B. None of your sneers, sir—but I see into the bottom of all this: 'tis a scheme between you and your daughter to make a fool of me: but I'll after her, and cure her of her ridiculous notions of love, and a pack of stuff, and she shall marry the man I have chose for her or—in short, I have determined what to do and let me hear you, or her, say a single word against it, if you dare.

“ How can she thus low-minded be?

“ A girl of her merit!

“ What's become of her spirit?

“ Would the baggage take pattern by me,

“ She'd value the pleasure of no man!

“ But hold up her head,

“ And in all that she said,

“ Claim the privilege due to a woman.

" Our wills ought to be without measure ;

" And the best thing that you

" Male creatures can do

" Is to buckle to our will and pleasure."

Exit.

Enter Tug.

Tug. Master Bundle, how fares it? I wanted to speak to you, but I never likes to interrupt people when they are in agreeable company.

Bun. What, you saw my wife with me: she is the most agreeable, it must be confess'd.

Tug. Why, she did not seem to be cantancaras with you now.

Bun. No: her anger was levelled at her daughter; but 'tis all the same; I feel the good effects of it, let her be cantancaras, as you call it, with who she will.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, how comes it to pass that she should be angry with Miss Wilhelmina? she has not refused to marry Robin, has she?

Bun. But she has, though; and refused to marry you too.

Tug. Ay, ay! why, I never heard she had any other sweetheart.

Bun. I don't know what the girl has got in her head, not I—a parcel of absurd stuff! she has a mind to make fools of us all, I believe;

but there was something well enough too in what she said, if she's sincere; but the Lord help those that trusts too much to them, say I.

Tug. Why, what does she say?

Bun. Why, that she does not know which she shall have yet; but that she'll marry the first that does any thing to deserve her.

Tug. Does she?—why then, 'tis my opinion she'll marry me.

Bun. Why so?

Tug. I know why well enough; but could not a body speak to her now?

Bun. I am going in, and I'll send her to you; but I would not have you depend too much upon her.

Tug. I'll run the risk, Master Bundle.

Bun. Only see the difference between us;—you are all agog to get married, and I would give the world to be rid of my shackles.

Tug. Why, I believe if a man was to take up the trade of unmarried folks, he would get more money by it than you or I do by ours.

Bun. More money!

“ Did but the law allow us one

“ Tir'd couples to release again,

“ What shoals of all degrees would run

“ To break their matrimonial chain!

“ The widow old,

“ Herself and gold,

“ Who to the healthy spendthrift gave;

*" And the rich churl
 " Who took a girl,
 " Poor wretch! with one foot in the grave.
 " Prudes, who at men would never look,
 " Yet slyly tasted Hymen's joy;
 " And wild coquettes who husbands took
 " When they could get no other toy:
 " Millions would try
 " The knot to untie:
 " Towards the goal of liberty,
 " Lord! what a throng
 " Would crowd along,
 " And in the midst my wife and me." [Exit.*

Tug. Yes; but I hope I shan't have such a crank and humoursome piece of stuff to deal with as you have; I don't know, not I; but, for my share, I can't see why married people mayn't be as happy as well as others; 'tis my mind Miss, here, is trying which is the most loving of us two; and if so I would not give my little Robin threepence for his chance; for I know as well as can be, that he has no more notion of making a woman happy than nothing at all—but here she comes.

Enter WILELMINA.

Wil. Hey dey! why, I thought you was gone on board a man of war before now!

Tug. Why, no Miss, I an't yet gone; I am in hopes there will be no occasion—if there should, I am always one of my word.

Wil. Oh, you unkind creature! to disappoint me so. I was in hopes by this time to have received a long-letter from you, upbraiding me with my cruelty, and telling me that you were gone abroad with a broken heart at being disappointed of me.

Tug. Why, Miss, as to breaking my heart, to be sure I should go well nigh to do that if I could not persuade you to have me; but I have been thinking that it would be better to try if I can't stay at home and do something to obtain your consent; for, to be sure, the pleasure of having you is not what every body deserves.

Wil. Oh! till I hear you have been venturing your life for me, I shall never relent.

Tug. Well now, Miss, I, for my part, think you will.

Wil. Indeed you have a great deal of confidence to think any such thing.

Tug. I hope you won't be angry if I do my best to make you—

Wil. And what do you call doing your best?

Tug. Why, 'tis not my way to brag, and so I won't say any thing about it now; but I have a favour to beg of you, if you please.

Wil. What is it, pray?

Tug. Why, you know that the young water-

n are to row for a coat and badge this afternoon; and so I have made bold to bespeak a room at the Swan for you and your friends to go and see the sight.

Wil. That's very gallant, indeed, Mr. Thomas! but you talk of trying to deserve me; why do you not make one among the watermen, and win the coat and badge yourself?

Tug. Well, never you mind any thing about it—will you accept of my proffer of the room?

Wil. Why, I think I will.

Tug. And do you think, now, if ever I was to do any thing with an intent to please you, that you cou'd bring yourself to look upon me with kindness?

Wil. Why, I don't know but I might.

Tug. Why then, I assure you, if ever you shou'd be agreeable to marry me, you shou'd be happy as ever love and an honest heart can make you.

*Indeed, Miss, such sweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few;
To love you more true I defy them,
I always am thinking of you.
There are maidens would have me in plenty,
Nell, Cicily, Priscilla, and Sue;
But, instead of all these, were there twenty,
I never should think of but you.*

*False hearts all your money may squander
 And only have pleasure in view;
 Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
 Unless to get money for you.
 The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,
 Is not to the moon half so true;
 Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing
 As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.*

Enter ROBIN.

Wil. There's great honesty about the fellow—Here comes t'other—I see I must soon, or there will be no peace for me. *Rob.* Robin, what news have you?

Rob. News, my angel! news that will make your heart dance with joy, and clear away the clouds and mists that hang on thy beauty just for all the world, as the sun clears the showers in the month of April.

Wil. Indeed! I should be glad to hear it.

Rob. You can't think how you will like it, I'm sure.

Wil. Shall I? why don't you tell it me?

Rob. Well then, Miss, I'll keep you longer in suspense; your mother is determined we shall be married to-morrow morning.

Wil. What, whether I will or no?

Rob. Whether you will or no! how

don't I love you better than the ivy
 k? better than cucumbers love heat, or
 re cherries? I love you better——

Hold, hold, Mr. Robin, 'tis necessary,
 ase I should love you a little.

And don't you?—hear this, you bloom-
 quils, and loose your sweetness! turn
 ou roses, and you lilies red! each flower
 fragrance and its hue, and nature change!
 elmina's false!

Indeed, Mr. Robin, you have such
 ways; that pretty speech has half per-
 me to consent.

Has it?

It has, upon my word.

Jonquils smell sweet again! roses and
 ep again your colour! and every flower
 ghter than before! for Wilhelmina's true!

How dearly do you love me, Mr. Ro-

Why, Miss, the passion which is plant-
 y heart has taken root, as like as can be
 at elm, which there is no grubbing up;
 reads farther and farther, and you can't
 life of you destroy it till you saw down
 k and all.

That's as much as to say that you'll love
 ng as you live.

The very thing——Lord, how sensible
 , Miss!

Wil. Really, Mr. Robin, you are so gay and agreeable——

Rob. A'n't I, Miss? So every body says; only think then how you will be envied!—we then, I'll step to your mamma, and tell her what has pass'd; and then I shall have nothing to do but to go down to-morrow for the ring of licence.

*Cherries and plums are never found
But on the plum and cherry tree;
Parsnips are long, turnips are round,
So Wilelmina's made for me.*

*The scythe to mow the grass is made,
Shreds to keep close the straggling tree,
The knife to prune, to dig the spade;
So Wilelmina's made for me.*

Enter Mrs. BUNDLE.

Mrs. B. Well, Robin, have you reform'd her what I order'd you?—What, I suppose, you have been a fool now,—there never was such a tiresome fellow in the world—I tell you what, Wilelmina, if I find you have been imposing upon this poor bashful creature, you will put me in a passion; and you know when I am once in a passion I am not easily pacified.

Wil. Let me understand you, Ma'am,

Mrs. B. Why, I sent this blockhead to let you know that I am dissolved to see you married to-morrow morning, and I know you have been giving yourself some confounded airs or other, and so he has been afraid to tell you.

Wil. I wonder, Ma'am, you should be uneasy on that account—he told me, and in very plain terms.

Mrs. B. Well, and I hope you had not the conference to say any thing against it?

Wil. So far from it, Ma'am, I now plainly see the great absurdity of attempting to oppose your will.

Mrs. B. And have you consented to have him, then?

Rob. She has, Ma'am.

Mrs. B. Then thou art my child again—Mr. Wick's family will be in raptures at this. Run, Robin, and tell them we shall call at their house in our way to the rowing-match.

Wil. And will you forgive my former disobedience, Ma'am?

Mrs. B. Oh! it was all your father, my dear; but I'll now take the pains to instruct you how to behave yourself.

Wil. I am obliged to you, Ma'am; but I don't think I shall ever be so accomplished as you.

Mrs. B. Why, I don't think you will ever get my genteel air; but as for other matters they are easily understood.

"*Wil.* Are they, Mamma?

"*Mrs. B.* I'll tell you.

"To be modish, genteel, and the true thing,
dear,

"In short, to be monstrous well bred,

"You must ogle, and simper, and giggle,
leer,

"And talk the first nonsense that comes
your head.

"In grave, fusty, old-fashion'd times,

"E'er ease and deportment went hence,

"To be bold was the vilest of crimes,

"And deceit was an heinous offence.

"But the fashions are now of another guess—

"Our modes are by no means the same;

"For, bless'd with good eyes, we pretend to
blind,

"And, with strength to run miles, appear lame.

"*Wil.* Indeed, Mamma, I beg your pardon;

"but I shall not receive my instruction from

"you—Let me see—I have promised her to

"marry her favourite Robin! to haughten the

"plot a little more, I'll even go and promise my

"papa to marry his favourite Thomas; and then

"for the Swan, where I think there will be a

lerable confusion. What a puzzle this same
 ve makes among us—we all seem to be afraid
 it, and yet all wish to possess it.

Girls, during courtship, should at least.

“No lover trust, but doubt him;

But when they’re sworn before the priest,

“To find no fault about him.”

Who venture all upon a stake,

“Undone if they miscarry;

The risks they run from each mistake.”

“Behoves them to be wary.” [Exit.

SCENE the LAST. *A Room at the Swan.*

BUNDLE, ROBIN, and Company, afterwards
WILHELMINA.

Mrs. B. My dear Robin, as to that, genti-
 ty’s every thing—I hates to see a parcel of
 rumpery that knows nothing of life,” Do,
 bin, step and see after Wilhelmina—what can
 come of the girl?

Robin. She’s here, Ma’am.

Mrs. B. Come, my dear, you’ll lose the sight;
 tells me that the rowers have set out from
 Old Swan some time.

Wil. They are very near, surely; for see what

a number of boats are come in sight.

Mrs. B. Oh! I can see them very plain. many is there?

Wil. One, two, three, four; I think I count five.

Mrs. B. That smart young man will certainly win it; how clean and neat he looks!

Wil. Here he comes; his boat perfectly.

Mrs. B. Oh, he'll win it!

Wil. He has won it already, Madam, he's on the stairs.

Rob. See, he jumps on shore!

Wil. And see, he's coming this way. Surely 'tis not—

Bun. [Coming on.] Here's your Thomas, you! he's coming! [Enter Bundle and Bun.] I told you he'd be the first to do any thing deservy you—Here he is!

Wil. And was it you that won the coat badge?

Tug. 'Twas indeed, Miss.

Wil. And what made you—

Tug. I rom'd for the prize.

To receive from those eyes

A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile;

But lest I should lose,

And you for that fault your poor Tom should

refuse,

My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.

*When we came to the pull,
 How I handled my scull!
 I'd have done your heart good to have seen us;
 was never a boat's length between us.
 But the Swan once in view,
 - My boat how it flew!
 erily b'lieve 'twas all thinking of you.*

l. Thus then I reward you.

b. What is all this?

g. Why, all this is, that I am a happy fellow
 and you are knock'd out of your chance.

l. Is not he a sweet fellow, Ma'am? *How
 and clean he looks!*

s. B. Wilemina, don't put me in a pas-

l. I have no intention, Ma'am, to do any
 thing.

s. B. Why, you impudent slut! have not
 received me? deposed upon me? promised
 marry this young man? and——now——

l. Indeed, Ma'am; you must excuse me;
 n so serious a matter, I thought it of much
 consequence to consider myself than you.
 s, I was so situated that I must have dis-
 d either you or my pappas; for whenever
 you a promise I gave one to him; and
 our choice appeared to me the most likely
 ke me happy, I should not have hesitated
 cent in refusing his,

Rob. My hopes are all blighted then, I fear.

Mrs. B. I said all along, that it was a tried thing between you; but, Mr. Bun, you shall smart for it.

Bun. My dear, you know I am a man of easy temper and few words; but I am positive in keeping a resolution. I have suffered you to expose me at home pretty well; but you are resolved to carry your folly to such height as to expose me abroad, I am resolved shall not be for nothing; therefore, either promise, before this company, to bid adieu to smoking for the future, or before this company will do what you threatened me, this night, to be separated from you.

Mrs. B. Why, I am thunderstruck!

Bun. I expected little less; but my resolves depend upon it: however, to let you see, you are very welcome to be mistress of your own house, manage your concerns as you like; what you please; so you let me be quiet: short, do nothing to give me uneasiness, and make an agreement from this moment, for you to govern while I smoke.

Wil. Dear Mamma, it is impossible for anything to be fairer.

Bun. Come, come, she must have a little to think of it; but she'll agree to the terms, sure of it; and now let us think of nothing but pleasure: and as this is the happiest day I ever saw in my life, I say let us make it the merriest.

g. Ne'er let your heart, my girl, sink down,
That I am true, believe me ;
Or, next time that I row to town,
May wind and tide deceive me !
By this here breeze
My heart's at ease,
Now dances at high water ;
My labour's o'er,
I've gain'd the shore,
And, free from fear,
Am landed here,
With my dear gard'ner's daughter.

rs.B. I see, my dear, 'tis all in vain,
Since thus you think expedient ;
If of the past you'll not complain,
Henceforth I'll prove obedient.
Folks us'd to cry,
A tartar I
Had prov'd, and you had caught her ;
But now shall raise
Each voice in praise,
Through all her life,
Of the gard'ner's wife,
As well as of his daughter.

un. My child, you've fairly won my heart,
You took no counsel from us ;
But, prizing love, and scorning art,
Preferr'd your honest Thomas :

*'Twas wisely done,
Shake hands, my son,
Love's lesson you have taught her:
And now, my dear,
Be but sincere,
I do not fear,
There'll ne'er appear
So good a wife and daughter.*

*Wil. And now, good friends, pray take my part,
I kept them to their tether ;
For I had sworn my hand and heart
Should always go together.
From fops and beaux
A maiden chose
An honest heart that sought her ;
See her appear
On trial here ;
This very night,
If she was right,
Applaud the gard'ner's daughter.*

THE END.





De Wilde Pin.

M^{rs} ATKINS as SELINA

London, Published by John Cawthorne, N^o 5 Catherine Street, St.

SELIMA & AZOR,

A

PERSIAN TALE,

BY

SIR GEORGE COLLIER.

ADAPTED FOR

Theatrical Representation:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

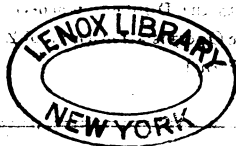
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1806.



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SELIMA AND AZOR.

THIS Piece, which was the production of leisure hours of George Collier, was uncommonly well received by the public on its introduction. The judicious alterations by Mr. Meridan, and the fascinating music of Mr. Linley, have secured it a favourable reception; and it certainly is a high treat to the Dilettanti whenever it is performed. The whole of the Opera is a translation of ZEMIRA and AZOR, from the French.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

a pleasure in making this public ac-
 of Mr. Lantry, to both of whom the
 reductions alterations; and to the excel-
 taste and judgment of Mr. Sheridan;
 by the Performers; but most particu-
 in justice done the Piece by the Mana-
 the Public, must be principally owing
 commonly favourable reception it met
 the Stage, and he is very sensible,
 from England at the time it was
 the Author made a tour in 1790. He
 tion of some persons having, in a jour-
 the French Drama and Actors) and
 following this Piece, which is an inter-

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following little Piece (which is an Imitation of the French ZEMIRE and AZOR) was produced in some leisure hours, in a journey which the Author made a few years ago: he was absent from England at the time it was first brought on the Stage, and he is very sensible, that the uncommonly favourable reception it met with from the Public, must be principally owing to the great justice done the Piece by the Managers, and by the Performers; but most particularly to the taste and judgment of Mr. Sheridan, and to the judicious alterations; and to the excellent music of Mr. Linley; to both of whom the Author has pleasure in making this public acknowledgment.

. 13, 1784.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT GARDEN.

AZOR,	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Inc
SCANDER,	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. To
ALI,	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Bla

						<i>W</i>
FATIMA,	.	.	.	.	.	Miss W.
FAIRY,	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Fi
SELIMA,	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Atl

Genii, Fairies, &c.

SCENE is in Persia.



ELIMA & AZOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Wood. Storm, Thunder, and Rain.

Enter SCANDER and ALI.

Scander.

! Ali! do you not perceive a light yonder?

Aye, sir, but I fear it is only the eyes of a wild monster.

. It appears as from some habitation.

Then it is surely some giant's den, for good would dwell in such a place as this.

. Any shelter were preferable to the severity of this storm.

Why, to be sure, sir, it is but indifferent weather; and what with wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, it is by no means pleasant walking.

Scan. See, Ali, it is certainly a mansion, much nearer than we thought—I will try the hospitality of its owner.

Ali. Oh lord, sir, if it should belong to one of the Genii or the Fairies, which this wood is famous for!

Scan. No matter—why do you tremble so?

Ali. For you, sir—for you.

Scan. Well—follow me, and speak not.

Ali. Ah, you need not fear that, for I shall be dead of the fright before the gate opens.

[*Exeunt. Thunder, &c.*]

A magnificent Apartment.

Amongst the Decorations, a Rose-Tree with Flowers, on a stand.

Enter SCANDER and ALI.

Scan. How strange is this adventure; a palace illuminated and adorned—yet no one here!

Ali. [*Afraid.*] Master, let us depart; all is not right;

I have strong suspicions.

Scan. Suspicions, of what?

Ali. That every thing here is enchantment.

Scan. Enchantment be it then; we are well off, And fortunate beyond our utmost hope, Benighted and unsheltered as we were;

from such a storm to find, where least we thought,

this thick wood so friendly an asylum.

Ali. You surely do not mean to pass the night here?

Scan. Why not?

“*Ali.* For heaven’s sake, master, do not think on it.

“*Scan.* Why! what hast thou to fear? if any one inhabits this palace they will certainly receive us well.

“*Ali.* But suppose it should be one of the Genii.

“*Scan.* What then?”

Ali. Take my advice and let us be gone.

“*The storm is o’er,*

“*It blows no more,*

“*The rain has ceas’d to fall;*

“*The sky is clear,*

“*The weather fair,*

“*Then quit this ’chanted hall.*

“*Why shou’d we stay,*

“*Let’s haste away,*

“*Your daughters anxious wait:*

“*Till you return,*

“*They trembling mourn*

“*In ignorance your fate.* DA CAPO.”

Yes, yes, the storm is over.

Scan. The storm over, I think it is increased.

Ali. [*Aside.*] Faith it is but too true.

Scan. And here we may pass the night without concern!

Ali. [*Trembling.*] Without concern!

Scan. And when the day-light dawns we'll cheerfully depart.

*A wretch like me has nought to dread,
Misfortunes make me brave :
Wou'd I was numbered with the dead,
And in the silent grave ;
For why should life be worth our care,
When hope is sunk in black despair.*

Wherefore, Ali, should I be anxious for life?

Ali. Nay, sir, you are to judge for yourself—as for me, my life is the only thing I was ever worth, and therefore I do not choose to risk it.

Scan. Well, leave me to my repose; and, if thou canst, sleep.

Ali. Sleep in this house of spirits!
And without supper too?

[*A covered table arises.*

O all ye powers!

Scan. What's this!

Ali. 'Fore heaven! an excellent supper.

Scan. Our wants are all provided, as thou seest, by somebody.

li. [*Trembling.*] Oh yes, by somebody—
if we had but seats now.

[*Two stools come on from different sides.*
an. Sit down there.

li. [*Frightened.*] Why, sure you won't

an. Our host is most magnificent and spares
nothing.

li. And nothing does it cost him—His lord-
is very good I will say—It is best to speak
respectfully of him, for I doubt not, but he
hears us. [*Aside.*

an. Ali, eat I say.

li. Ah, if I dared—but, master, I'll say
if you please.

an. Eat, eat, it is delicious.

li. [*Tasting.*] Efaith! and so it is.

Scan. What's here, European wine! with
that magnificence are we entertained!"

li. Ah, master, suppose this red liquor should
be a slow poison!—but let me taste it—faith
excellent! and, if I die for it, I am deter-
red to drink my bottle. [*Drinks.*

an. Well, how d'ye find it?

li. Find it—there's no judging yet—here's
our host. [*Drinks.* *

*These spirits they'd make us to fear,
Are generous, harmless, and gay,
And give us such excellent cheer,
I'd visit them every day;*

*For I like thee
Their wine, t
And I'm merry and blit*

*Tho' I can't like a nightin
For once turn your ear
For if wine will make win
Why not make me wari
For I like you
Your wine, y
And I'm frolicsome, bl*

*Good spirits pray hear, i
Bring back the sweet ti
When bonny brown Ellen
Lov'd long as the sun l
For I like you
Your wine, y
And I'm frolicsome, bl*

Scan. Go, Ali, and see
now.

Ali. [*Yawning.*] No hurr
"I" rather sleep a little.—

Scan. The tempest has ce

Ali. I'm glad to hear it.

Scan. The sun is risen.

Ali. [*Yawning*] I wish 't

Scan. This wine has m
brave.

Ali. Yes, plenty of wine has always a good
effect on me.

Scan. Come, trifle no more, I insist upon't——
children wait for me impatiently——

quitting this place, I think
should have some proof to testify
is most strange adventure:——

lovely Selima, when I parted from her,
requested of me nothing but a rose ;
gather one from this sweet beauteous tree.

[He approaches a rose-tree and gathers one.]

AZOR, SCANDER, and ALI.

Azor. Ho !

Ali. *[Trembling.]* O heavens !

Scan. What do I see !

Azor. Tell me how came you here ?

and why thou dar'st to rob me of my roses ?

Scan. Forgive me, for I meant no injury :

and liberal as thou seem'd in all things else,
would not think thee sparing in a flower.

Azor. Rash and ungrateful man ! has not this
roof

preserv'd thee from the storm ; this banquet
serv'd

thy hunger ; and these wines restor'd thy
strength ?

It would'st thou, rude and thankless as thou
art,

deprive thy asylum of its ornaments ?

Scan. If my offence you construe to a crime,
Dispose, Sir, of my life as you think fit ;
I neither shall defend it, or complain.
My days, alas ! are too unfortunate
For me to plead, or struggle to prolong them—
But for my children, I shou'd *wish* to die.

Azor. Their destiny is woven with their father's.

Scan. 'Tis that which drives me to despair, for
they
Will be left friendless and without support.

Ali. Ah, my lord, your high noble mightiness
Would have pity on him, if you knew
How very handsome his daughters are—

Scan. I came from Ormus, whither I had been
To gather tidings of a ship, whose freight
Was all misfortune, and the seas had left me—
My daughters, doubting not of my success,
Solicited me gifts ;—one ask'd for silks,
Another jewels ; but the youngest said,
Bring me, my father, nothing but a rose,
'Twill prove a precious gift ; since it will shew
You thought on Sel'ma when you gathered it.

Azor. I have a heart open to compassion,
From having known misfortune ;
He best can feel the woes another suffers
Who bears the sad remembrance of his own—
Your crime shall therefore be forgotten :
But something in return must then be done.

Scan. Name it—

Azor. One of your daughters must consent
to give herself to me.

Scan. Deliver up my daughter to thee!

Azor. Promise instantly, or——

Ali. [*Aside to Scander.*] You had best submit; he's strongest:——

Oh! for heaven's sake don't hesitate a moment,

But tell him you rejoice

In such a son-in-law."——

Scan. [*Aside.*] Unhappy children——

My earnest wish to see you e'er I die,

Must make me seem to grant what I abhor.

Your will shall be obey'd; I pledge my word
[*To Azor.*]

One of my daughters here shall take my place,

Or I'll myself return and meet your vengeance.

Azor. I'm satisfy'd;—and now, take back
the flower,

And let it be a mutual guarantee

That each proves true and faithful to his word.

Dread thou to wake my fatal rage,

Or fail the promis'd hour;

The winged shaft of death is mine;

Avoid its 'vengeful power.

[*Azor waves his hand, and the table and
stools sink.*]

You may expect every thing from my favour:

Come, follow me;—a cloud shall waft you

To your daughters' sight—

Ali. [*Trembling and kneeling.*] A cloud!—
ah! permit——

Azor. What?

Ali. That *I* may go thither on foot.

Azor. Why so?

Ali. I have not been used to ride upon clouds.

Azor. Perhaps you'd rather have a balloon?

Ali. Oh no!

Azor. Or a dragon?

Ali. Oh dear! no, my lord, I beg to be excused.

Azor. It shall be so; two fire-breathing dragons

Shall cleave the air, and soon convey you home.

Ali. Mercy on me, fiery dragons!

Azor. Well, then, until your master shall return,

You may remain with me.

Ali. O ho! I thank you, most exalted sir;
Since that's the case, the cloud, or what you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Symphony expresses the flight of a cloud.*]

The Wood. *A Chariot drawn by Dragons crosses in the Air.* SCANDER and ALI in the Chariot.

Ali. Oh! mercy, master, what a rate we travel at!

Scan. Be still, Ali——

Ali. Oh! I'm as giddy as a weather-cock.

[*Exeunt.*]

A Room in SCANDER'S House.

1, LESBIA, and FATIMA, at work by the
light of a lamp.

Remain we, sisters, still awake;
Already night
Has ta'en her flight,
Aurora opes the gates of light,
And morn begins to break."

See the black clouds apace remove,
To bring the day
That will repay
Our sorrow for our sire's delay,
And give him to our love."

To them, SCANDER and ALI.

Three. My father!
n. My dearest children!
Our grateful hearts o'erflow to see you
safe.
Heaven once again restores you to our
love.
n. It does permit me, once more, to em-
brace you.
And, heaven be thank'd too, here am I,
once more,

“ Tho’ absolutely stunn’d by the w
equipage :

Well, let who will travel on clouds or
I promise never to envy them their st
I leave the air to the birds, and the
fishes,

Perfectly contented with my own el
land,

Which I’ll never more quit, if I ca

Fat. I hope, sir, your journey has
perous,

And that you return with wealth and

Scan. Alas, my children, we have l

Fat. & Les. Lost all !

Scan. Unhappy children—all is gon

Sel. Grieve not, dear father, for
wealth ;

If possible, ’twill make us love you m

While rich in virtue, we must still be

Scan. [*To Fatima and Lesbia.*] !

my children ; [*to Selima*] And
Selima,

You comfort me.

Sel. How often have you told us n

To the uncertain joys that riches brin

We have, sir, still enough to make us

If in a little we would seek content.

The bird that sings all day in yonder ;

And all night long enjoys such sweet

What are his wants ? His little nest is

wealth he owns :—Come, then, my dearest father,

I let us learn from hence a useful lesson,
teach our steps the paths of resignation.

can. [*To Fatima and Lesbia.*] Her tenderness
and love unmans me quite.

at. I gladly, my children, would I have brought
at you required—but you know the cause.

at. You were ever kind.

can. Your small request, my gentle Selima,
I've procured—receive your humble wish.

el. You charm me by it—ah, how sweet and
beautiful!

can. I fear it will prove a fatal gift to thee!

el. *No flower that blows*

- Is like this rose,

Or scatters such perfume

Upon my breast,

Ah! gently rest,

And ever, ever bloom.

Dear pledge to prove

A parent's love,

A pleasing gift thou art :

Come, sweetest flow'r,

And from this hour,

Live henceforth in my heart.

can. My dear children, your needs must be
fatigued—

I have myself occasion for repose :
 Good night—angels protect and guard you
 Heavens ! to what distress I am reduced ! [

[*Fatima and Lesbia e*

[*Selima remains, and observes her father
 sits down, leans his head on his hand
 sighs deeply.*

Sel. [*Aside.*] My father, sure, is ill, or
 afflicted !

—It is impossible—I cannot go—

Loving you as I do—can I see you

In such distress, and not be much alarmed

Scan. Leave me, my child—I wish to be

Sel. Ah ! whence arises this extreme of

Scan. [*Aside.*] What can I say to her :

'Tis nought but your imagination, Selima.

Sel. Pardon me, sir ; I never saw you th

Speak, I conjure you ; let me know your

And I will use the utmost power I have

To comfort you.

Scan. Leave me, my child—my grief
 all cure.

Farewell, my Selima !—soft be thy slumber

And blest thy future days.

Sel. My father !

Scan. Go, repose thyself—'tis now no
 morning.

Sel. Repose myself ! alas ! it cannot be
 Reserve and sorrow so unusual

In my dear father will forbid repose.

Enter ALI.

Ali. I am not awake ;—no,—’tis pretty certain

I still am in a dream, tho’, from my fears,

I could almost believe it to be true—

—I fancy my poor master will not find

A dream in that same promise he has made

To that ugly devil—I would say, lord Azor.

Well, I never knew good come of travelling :

—And then to be whipt aloft by enchantment ;

Tuck’d up behind fiery dragons in the air ;

Mounting up like a balloon, as high as the moon ;

And looking down, down, down on the earth
below :

Mercy on me ! it turns my brains to think on’t.

Enter SELIMA.

Sel. Tell me, good Ali,

What is the cause of my dear father’s grief.

Ali. I don’t know.

Sel. Alas ! I’m sure you must.

Ali. [*Aside.*] I shan’t be able to resist her
tears.

Sel. I intreat you, Ali, to have compassion, and
tell me.

Ali. [*Aside.*] Sweet girl—what pity at her
age to die ;

Azor will make not above a meal of her.

—Nay, I believe he'll gobble her up at a meal.

Sel. What say'st thou?

Ali. [*Aside.*] Yet I think he'll not eat neither—

To Sel. I grieve to tell you, that without help

Your unhappy father is for ever lost.

Sel. Is it possible!—oh, proceed—

Ali. 'Tis too true—but he strictly ordered
To keep the fatal secret from his daughters;
Yet I act right, I think, to disobey him,
And therefore I'll disclose the fatal story:
—This night, in a dark thick wood—

Scan. [*Without.*] Ali—Ali

Ali. I think I hear him call—

“ I must attend him.

“ *Sel.* Alas! thou'st said too much to me
“ here.

“ *Ali.* The rest I will relate when I return

“ *A Chamber.*

“ SCANDER, with a Table before him, as he
“ been writing.

“ *Scan.* The dreadful die is thrown—now
“ well life.

“ Enter ALI.

Ali, come near—thou hast been faithful to me,
And merited th’ indulgence I have shewn thee
By ev’ry act an honest slave cou’d do :
Here ends thy service to thy unhappy master,
And this the last sad night thou’lt ever see him.

“ Ali. You surely will not go——

“ Scan. Transfer, henceforward, thy fidelity
To my poor children ; defend their helpless
“ youth

As far as may besit thy humble station.

“ Ali. Alas ! they’ll die of grief if you depart.

“ Scan. This letter give them after I am gone,
[*Gives a letter.*

A father’s dying blessing is contain’d in’t.
But once more, I conjure thee, tell them not
The sad particulars of this sad night.
’Twou’d rend their hearts with never-ending
“ grief

To know their parent sacrific’d himself
To save their lives,—much dearer than his
“ own.

“ Ali. [*Crying.*] I’ll ever be their true and
“ faithful slave.

“ Scan. Farewell, my worthy Ali—may you
“ be happy.

[*Ali kneels and kisses his hands.*

Now leave me, for I wish to be alone.

[*Exit Ali.*

“ This journey is the last I e’er shall ma
“ —And now [*kneels*] oh, thou bright lu
“ Whose presence cheers all beings in th
“ Guard and protect these helpless inno
“ And guide their footsteps in the path of
“ Continue to them, in this humble cotta
“ Peace and content : let sorrow fly the
“ And while they’re innocent, oh, mal
“ happy !
“ I feel a lassitude thro’ all my limbs,
“ Like the cold hand of death : a drows
“ Strange and unusual, hangs upon my
“ Not often the companion of the wret

“ *An Apartment.*

“ *Enter SELIMA and ALI.*

“ *Sel.* I’ll see my father, and on my
“ entreat
“ Him to forego his dreadful resolution ;
“ If there must be a victim, it shall be m
“ Who am the fatal cause of his offence.
“ *Ali.* Speak lower—you distress you
“ However, hear the remainder of the st
“ And then determine.”
“ *Sel.* You surely said, he sacrificed him
us.

To be sure, if you wou'd go in his stead,
might be sav'd.

Then, as you love your master, Ali,
as ever been so kind to you,
me instantly of the means?

Well, come further from his room,
ou shall know the whole adventure,
ould by no means advise you
in his place: but, above all, you must
nk of asking me to go with you.

Selima.

*h! can I the torment bear,
o think thro' me my sire must die:
ou, ye pitying gods, for help I fly,
h, hear my humble prayer,
nd save me from despair.*

DA CAPO.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Inside of the Palace of Azor.

Enter AZOR.

Azor.

CRUEL fairy, shorten my affliction,
Or end a life of torment and despair:
I own, that of my beauty I was vain;
But cou'd a fault, so natural to youth,
Justly deserve such dreadful punishment.
I cannot entertain a hope most distant
'That I shall e'er obtain my former shape;
For hast thou not decreed the charm shall last
Till by some youthful virgin I am lov'd;
Is this a form to kindle soft desire!
What then avails the pow'r thoud'st given me,
For love is still superior to enchantment,
Nor owns a law but what itself ordains?

*"How wretched 'tis with love to burn,
"Without the hope of a return;
"Its cruel slights, its scorn to move,
"But ne'er its sweet enjoyments prove:
"What grief all this a heart to know
"Where endless passion still must glow.*

This worthy father whom I have engag'd
 To give me up his daughter,—he cannot,
 Will not have resolution to obey me;
 Or, if he shou'd, can I compel her to love me?
 Hatred, indeed, may be produced by fear,
 But love can owe its birth to nought but love."
 'What beauteous maid is that advancing yonder?
 'Tis surely she—I recollect her guide;
 will conceal myself, and try to learn
 'What kind of pleasure she delights in most,
 and that her mind, if it be possible,
 may feel tranquillity before she sees me.

[*Exit.*]

Enter SELIMA and ALI.

Ali. There, I have now perform'd my promise;

this is the palace "and I will now save myself
 As fast as possible—adieu.

"*Sel.* What!

"*Ali.* [*Finding the gate shut.*] Mercy on
 me, the gate is lock'd!

"*Sel.* Ali, I see you are alarm'd.

"*Ali.* O no, not in the least; come, let us
 " shew ourselves

To our charming host, I am impatient to see
 " him;

—I shall remain in his palace with great plea-
 " sure

Till he is so good as to allow me to return.

“ [*Aside.*] Alas! why did I come! fatal
“ pliance!”

Sel. Is he indeed so hideous, so very fri-

Ali. O lud, no.

Sel. Why, you told me so—

Ali. Me! O no, not I—

One might indeed think so at first sight,
But when one comes to consider him, he
A noble air! and is extremely well made;
Tho’ certainly in a particular manner.

“ *Sel.* But has he always that hideous
“ With his eyes which you spoke of?

“ *Ali.* Oh mercy! I never spoke of a
“ thing.

“ His eyes are not indeed languishing,
“ But then they have a vast deal of expr
“ I can’t say I have seen much of his
“ nance,

“ But I doubt not of his lordship’s beau
“ As to the rest, he is rich and magnifice
“ And (which is more than all) loves goo
“ A most fortunate circumstance; for
“ observed

“ That jolly toppers always have excellent l

Sel. Will he long remain thus invisible

Ali. Oh no.

Sel. Every thing here, seems yet, mo
ing:—

What do I see!—look Ali—

[*Reading.*] “The apartments of Selima.
Open the door.

- li. Me, madam, [*trembling.*]—oh no!
n it yourself; the apartments are your's.
el. [*Opening it.*] How superb and elegant!
li. Ah! I see he won't eat you.

- el. *Return and ease my father's heart,*
“*Tell him, alas, that tho' we part,*
“*My life is not in danger.*
li. *How shall I ease your father's heart,*
“*Since I from thence cannot depart:*
“*I fear my life's in danger.*
el. *Describe me here just as I am;*
“*Say for me all my duty can;*
“*To which he is no stranger.*
li. *Shou'd I describe myself whilst here,*
“*I'm sure it wou'd be full of fear,*
“*To which I am no stranger.*
el. *The truest pleasure now it gives,*
“*To know my dearest father lives,*
“*From threat'ned dangers free.*
li. *The truest pleasure I cou'd know,*
“*Wou'd be from hence allow'd to go*
“*From threat'ned dangers free.*
el. *And tho' we ne'er may meet again,*
“*Say the poor captive wont complain*
“*Nor mourn her liberty.*
li. *And tho' perhaps you choose to stay,*
“*I'd give the world to be away,*
“*And at my liberty.”*

Azor. [*Without.*] Slave, begone—
instantly! [*The gate*]

Ali. Ah! I desire nothing else.

[*Runs*]

Sel. He's gone, and left me helpless
lorn!

How my heart beats;—yet surely heaven
guard

The virtue it approves.

[*A troop of Fairies enter, who make a*
to]

A Dance.

“*Sel.* This is indeed most wonderful
strange:

“—They wish me to be seated too——

“Am I awake, or is this all illusion!”

AZOR and SELIMA.

Sel. O heaven!

[*She faints in the arms of the female*

Azor. Alas, my unfortunate figure
this terror.

Return, oh beautiful Selima, oh return
And bless my eyes with beauty they
before.

[*He makes a sign, and the Genies*
Look not on me, Selima, but hear me.

Sel. My senses are all frozen—
breathe.

or. [*On his knees.*] Words can't express
the tender sentiments,

h you inspire the wretched Azor with,
thus adores and trembles at your feet.

! Ah me! I die unless you leave this place.

or. No, Selima, may you live;

I must expire, if you refuse to hear me.

! His air is gentle, and his words are soft:

! I have no intention then against my life?

[*With fear.*

or. Ah no! it is my soul's most ardent wish,
to live to please, and to adore you.

! I begin to recover my spirits.

or. *Didst thou but know the killing smart,
The anxious doubts that rack my
breast;*

*Didst thou but feel love's fatal dart,
Thou'dst hope for joy, but know no
rest.*

*Prostrate and humble at your feet,
Behold a wretch for favor sue;
With love and fear at once replete,
Alas, he trembles more than you.*

“ ’Tis not a face, or flowing hair,
“ Shou'd win a look from worth like
“ thine;

“ Nor artful words, or easy air,
“ Thy generous heart to love incline.

" 'Tis not a form, or feigne
 " Or what the vulgar pleasu
 " Nor yet the lustre of an e
 " But 'tis the soul which li
 all."

Prove then my passion, know
 To outward shew true love is
 Gently he'll lead thee to such
 As warms my heart; be thou
 Breathe but a wish to make
 That wish, a pitying sigh w
 Which heaving in thy gentle
 Will kindle pity into love.

" Sel. What a horrible figure,
 soft,

" What pleasing language! sure that
 " Cou'd ne'er have utterance from
 " heart."

Azor. Do I really, Selima, appea
 horrible?

Sel. Why—indeed—you are not ha
 " Azor. You hate me then?

" Sel. No—the wicked only shou'd

Azor. If, under this strange form
 my heart

Compassionate and worthy?

Sel. I shall then pity you;—

E'en now, methinks, I've lost mu
 terror.

Azor. Charming Selima, you reign queen of
this palace,

And of my heart; you have only to command,
And instantly your will shall be obey'd:

Ten thousand various pleasures wait your nod,
To charm your solitude and court your sense.

“*Sel.* But my dearest father—and my sisters?”

“*Azor.* They shall command the riches of the
“world.”

“*Sel.* Yet I shou'd buy these favors all too
“dear,

“If a return shou'd ever be exacted.

“*Azor.* Ah, Selima.

“*Sel.* The frequent seeing you,

“May possibly in time, abate my fears.

“*Azor.* Be happy then, my lovely Selima—”

Enjoy the charms of innocence and virtue;—

And if I dared an humble boon request,

Ah, deign the music of your heavenly voice.

Sel. If you desire that I shou'd sing, I will.

The parent bird with trembling care,

And eager anxious eyes;

Observes its darling high in air,

On half-fledg'd pinions rise.

The eagle darts with fatal aim,

The little nestling dies;

Alas! cou'd pity find no claim?

The wretched parent cries.

Azor. "Your song, lovely Selim
"complaint,"

Ah wou'd my power cou'd heal your
Sel. You have that power.

Azor. How? speak—tell me wha

Sel. Let me see my father and my

Azor. As far as my power perm
be obey'd,

Tho' I most likely shall be punished
You will behold them now in a magi
But shou'd you venture to speak, o
The whole will vanish.——

AZOR and SELIMA on the Stage.

FATIMA, ^{and} and LESBIA, in a Tran

Sel. Ah my dearest father! my si
Alas, how griev'd he seems. "He sigh
"His eyes are fixt on me! he seems
"His opening arms invite me to his
"Ah, could I clasp him to my beat
Oh if I cou'd only make him hear n
Azor. 'Tis impossible.

Sel. May I be permitted then t
speak?

Azor. Ah, Selima! how hard a thi

Sel. Will you refuse me then?

Azor. No; but in granting it, I to
That I betray myself; "their soft e
"Will make me odious: but to tha
"I love you, I can refuse you not

AZOR & SELIMA on the Stage. SCANDER, LESBIA,
& FATIMA, in the Transparency as before.

*While grief and anguish rack our breasts,
Restless, my Selima, we mourn
Thy hapless fate;
As if our tears cou'd give relief,
Or they return.*

*We still must weep, we still must mourn,
Since thou art gone:—still, still, complain
In mournful sounds;
Till thy lov'd sight shall comfort bring,
And end our pain.*

Sel. [*Throwing herself towards the Transparency.*] Ah, my father? [*They disappear.*]
Cruel, inhuman Azor!

Azor. I warn'd you of it:
You have yourself destroyed the charm.

Sel. Let me then go to heal a father's grief;
Let his severe affliction touch your breast,
Nor let him sink with sorrows to the grave.

Azor. O love, how arbitrary is thy sway!
The strongest proof of passion I can give
Is to consent:—go then and see your father;
Tell him I breathe, I live for you alone.—
But, Selima, wilt thou, indeed, return?

Sel. As truth lives in my heart, I s
will.

Azor. The glorious sun has finished l
course,

“Observe his splendid, fierce, meridian b
If I shou’d see him set, e’er you return,
Despair from that sad moment will oppres

“And grief will shortly end my wretche
You then with certainty may tell your sir
Azor is now no more, I’ve caus’d his dea

Sel. I cause your death!—I shou’d be
at it.

Azor. “My life and happiness depe
“you.”

Go, then, my Selima:—hold, take this
Receive it as a pledge of my fond love,
The greatest mark of trust I have to give:
For whilst you wear it, you’re beyond my

“*Sel.* Amazing goodness! how can I
“it?

“*Azor.* By wishing to return;

“Quit then the ring, and you’ll be h
rectly.”

Sel. This confidence you’ll find is no
plac’d,

And I’ll deserve this pledge by quitting it.

Azor. Numbers of guardian spirits shall
you—

And, oh remember, joy will be a strange
Within these walls, till you return again.

" Robb'd of its mate the turtle-dove,
" In all the anguish grief can shew,
" Laments the absence of his love,
" With plaintive sighs, and notes of woe.

" But shou'd the pitying pow'rs deign
" To think such truth deserves reward;
" The faithful pair may meet again,
" And beauty constancy reward.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCANDER'S House.

SCANDER, LESBIA, and FATIMA.

Scander. [*Leaning on a Table in deep Concern.*]

WHAT an unfortunate father am I!

Enter ALI [*Running in affrighted.*]

Ali. Oh master!

Scan. What now?

Ali. In the air——

Scan. Well, in the air?

Ali. I have seen——

Scan. What?

Ali. I don't know——

*I'm in a horrible fright;
This moment I've seen from afar,
A terrible fiery car,
A fiery terrible car;
I shan't be myself to-night.*

*Yet may-be, it was but a cloud!
Oh no, to my discerning,
It seem'd a chariot burning!
A flying chariot burning,
Which blaz'd and crack'd aloud!*

*Two winged serpents drew it!
For, have I not seen their teeth,
Which threatened instant death,
Yes, threat'ning instant death,
To all who should come to it!*

I'm in a horrible,

To them SELIMA.

Fat. & Les. Behold our sister!

Sel. O my dear father!

can. Ah my daughter, my Selima!

I live, once more to fold thee thus!

el. Azor himself permits me to return
heal your anguish and assuage your grief—

I go back and ease him of his fears,
be a part in the distress he feels

Scan. How!

Sel. Shou'd I not keep my promise, he
“wou'd die.”

can. What do I hear! wouldst thou again
leave me?

el. My word is sacred, and I must return.

Scan. Cruel, inhuman girl!

Did you but know what I have suffered for
“thee,

thou woud'st not——”

el. Ah, my father, spare these unkind re-
proaches;

or has prov'd a noble, generous friend—
wou'd do you service, load you with wealth.

can. No—let him keep his riches;
children are the wealth I wish to have,
happiness and pride their innocence:
purchase that, all price is insufficient.

el. You're angry with him, sir,

can. You defend him!

at sentiments can he have rais'd in you?

el. Pity.

can. Unfortunate conclusion!

Sel. His temper's gentle as the zephyrs
“breath;

" Respectful tenderness sits on his lips;
 " He flies with joy to execute my wishes,
 " As if to please me was his only care.

" *Scan.* You seem interested for him!

" By his enchantment he must have done this

Sel. " That I am interested in his fate is
 " tain."

He has given me freedom, tho' his life

Depends on my return——

He pines, he grieves to death, if I abandon

Yet gives me power to do so, if I choose it;

This is the charm—— [*Shewing a*

Scan. That ring?

Sel. This ring renders me independent.

Scan. Of the power of Azor?

Sel. It does.

Scan. Thank heaven, I breathe again——

But keep that ring be sure, with strictest care

Sel. What, my father, wou'd you have

Scan. Keep it, I charge you, quit it not
 instant.

Sel. What then shou'd follow such a bond
 of trust.

Shall I deceive this poor unfortunate,

Who loves me to excess, because I can?

Scan. And can'st thou be to duty blind?

Fat. And leave a father, always kind?

Sel. 'Twas duty led me first away:

Les. Now, love and duty bid you stay;

Scan. *Duty absolves the strongest ties ;*

Sel. *The greater then's my sacrifice ;*

Fat. *You surely will not go ?*—————

Sel. ————— *I must ;*

Les. *Ah no,*—————

Sel. ————— *To stay wou'd be unjust.*

All. *No greater pain can mortals prove,
Than leaving those we fondly love.*

Sel. Sisters, comfort our father—[*Throwing
away the ring.*] [She vanishes.]

Scan. *My daughter !*

Fat. & Les. *My father*———

Scan. *Leave me—the very light is odious.*
[*Exeunt.*]

*A Part of the Gardens of AZOR. A Grot. Sun
just setting.*

Azor. *The sun is setting in the western wave,
Yet Selima, alas ! is not return'd !*

'I've now lost all for which I wish'd to live ;

'Selima, 'tis plain, abandons me for ever ;

*'To what purpose, then, shou'd I desire to
“ exist ?*

“ And has she then fail'd in her faith,

“ The beautiful maid I adore ;

“ Shall I never again hear her voice,

“ Nor see her lov'd form any more ?

SELIMA AND AZOR.

" Ah, Selima! cruel you prove,
" Yet sure my heart for you'll bewail;
" I could not presume you would love,
" Yet pity I hop'd would prevail.

" A moment my sorrows subside,
" Revenge stalks along in my sight!
" Dread spectre, how cou'dst thou intrude?
" Begone to the realms of black night.

" Since hatred alone I inspire,
" Life henceforth is not worth my care;
" Death now is my only desire,
" I give myself up to despair.

" My sorrows now will quickly have an end
" I sink beneath them, and, yon silent grot
Shall hide me from the light, and be my tomb
May ev'ry choicest blessing crown my Selin
Tho' she has brought me to an early grave.

Another Part of the Gardens.

Sel. [Within.] Azor!

Echo. Azor!

Sel. [Within.] Azor!

Echo. Azor.

Enter SELIMA.

*Azor, in vain on thee I call,
Echo alone replies!
If sad mischance shou'd thee befall,
What pity wou'd arise!*

*Again thy Selima is here,
To solemn promise true;
She's quitted those she held most dear,
To live again with you.*

*In vain I call——no Azor hears!
Echo alone replies;
Alas! cou'dst thou but know my fears,
Cou'dst thou but hear my sighs!*

*I feel concern I never felt,
My breast soft passions move;
By tender pity taught to melt,
By pity led to love.*

*es, thy misfortunes, thy goodness, Azor,
ave touch'd my heart, and made me truly love
thee.*

The FAIRY descends.

*Fairy. Lovely and generous maid, enjoy the
bliss.*

Thy virtues merit : Azor's punishment
Is at an end—— behold him in his real fo
Azor.

Azor enters.

[*The Fairy waves her Wand
he recovers his*

*A brilliant Palace. Azor appears on
nificent Throne, retransformed to his
Form.*

Sel. Azor! heavens, where am I?

*Azor. To the vows of your faithful A
are restor'd.*

“ Beautiful as the smiles of the morning;

*Sel. I am astonish'd at it—— is it poss
Can you be Azor!*

Azor. I am he,

*Whose unequal form your gentleness
despis'd——*

I owe the throne I now again remount.

To you, my Selima; come and share it;

Complete my happiness, and be my bride.

*“ Sel. Of my pure love you've had the
proof——*

“ My gratitude is all I can bestow;

“ To give my hand must have my father

“ tion.”

“ Azor. You'll see him instantly.”

Enter the FAIRIES, with SCANDER, LESBIA, FATIMA, and ALI.

Fairy. Virtuous and worthy father, take thy child.

Sel. Oh, my dear father!

[Throwing herself into his arms.

Scan. My lost child!

Azor. Like her, behold me.

Submissive and obedient to your will.

Sel. 'Tis Azor.

Scan. I know'tt all: with joy I give consent,

"And my full heart o'erflows with happiness."

Take her, prince Azor, with a father's blessing;

Receive her as the noblest, purest treasure

That heaven bestows on those it favours most,

A virtuous woman: "may you both be happy."

[Presenting her to Azor.

Azor. "I have the surest pledge of being so,

"By her obedient tenderness to you!"

And as our future days roll blissful on,

We'll teach this lesson from our past misfortunes;

The lovely maid, whose mind fair virtue warms

With honest pride, will scorn the coxcomb's lure;

Disgusted look on such deceitful forms,

Whose vain self-love true worth could ne'er en-
dure,

But gentle manners and affections warm,

From souls sincere, will ever pleasing prove;

FAIRY waves her Wand

Enter CHORUS.

*The little bark by tempests tost,
With joy regains the shore ;
So we by sorrow almost lost,
Enjoy the change the more.*

*Misfortune hence, with all thy
Of cares, of jealousies and
Henceforth the purest joys will
Springing from virtue, truth*

THE END.

1-13 1113





THE
HONEST THIEVES,

A
FARCE,

ALTERED FROM THE COMMITTEE BY

T. KNIGHT. *from*
Sir Robert Howard

ADAPTED FOR

Theatrical Representation:

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Managers.

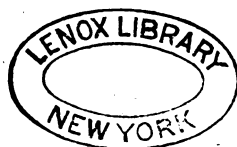
The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR

JOHN CAWTHORN, 5, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND,
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1806.



Printed by T. Collins, Harvey's Buildings, S

THOMAS KNIGHT, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, who is a native of Dorsetshire, and of a very respectable family in that county, was intended by his father for the bar, and received an adequate education; but having, in the course of his instruction in oratory by Mr. Macklin, imbibed a great portion of the *amor dramaticæ*, he quitted the profession for which he was educated, and made his first attempt on the stage at York, where he performed for five seasons with unbounded applause. He next fulfilled, with great respectability, for eight seasons, an engagement at the Bath Theatre, and ultimately received an invitation to Covent Garden Theatre, where he made his first appearance in 1796, and by his chaste representation of rustic characters and flippant coxcombs, became a favourite performer; he seems, how-

ever, to have excelled in the *Farmer*, in *Spe the Plough*. Some misunderstanding between him and the manager urged his resignation Covent Garden in 1803, since which he purchased a share in the Theatre at Manchester where he still continues.

Besides the Farce of *HONEST THIEVES*, M KNIGHT is the author of *THE TURNPIKE GAT TAG IN TRIBULATION*, *WHAT WOULD THE M/ BE AT*, and other pieces.

HONEST THIEVES.

THIS Farce is confessedly altered from "The Committee," a Comedy, by Sir Robert Howard, divested of the peculiar satire directed against the fanatic parties of the reign of Charles I. The greatest merit of the Piece is the character of Teague, the faithful Irishman, a picture of real life, drawn from the following circumstance :

"When Sir Robert was in Ireland, his son was imprisoned here by the Parliament for some offence committed against them. As soon as Sir Robert heard of it, he sent one of his domestics (an Irishman) to England, with dispatches to his friends, in order to procure the enlargement of his son. He waited with great impatience for the return of this messenger; and when he at length appeared with the agreeable news, that his son was at liberty, Sir Robert finding that he had been then several days in Dublin, asked him the reason of his not coming to him before. The honest Hibernian answered, with great exultation, that "he had been all the time spreading the news, and getting drunk for joy among his friends." He, in fact, executed his business with uncommon fidelity and dispatch, but the extraordinary effect which

HONEST THIEVES.

happy event of his embassy had on poor Paddy, was too great to suffer him to think with any degree of prudence on any thing else. The excess of his joy was such, that he forgot the impatience and anxiety of a tender parent, and until he gave that sufficient vent among all his intimates, he never thought of imparting the news where it was most wanted and desired. From this Sir Robert took the first hint of that odd composition of fidelity and blunders which he has so humorously worked up in the character of Teague. *Anecdotes of the Howard Family.*

The other characters of Mr. and Mrs. Day, and their hopeful son Abel, are preserved unalloyed; and it certainly was wise in Mr. KNIGHT, to accommodate an excellent comedy of the seventeenth, to the taste and approbation of an audience in the nineteenth century.



Dramatis Personae.

COVENT GARDEN.

Men.

Colonel CARELESS,	Mr. Brunton.
Captain MANLY,	Mr. Claremont.
Mr. STORY,	Mr. Williams.
Justice DAY,	Mr. Davenport.
ABEL,	Mr. Simmons.
OBADIAH,	Mr. Munden.
Bailiffs,	} Messrs. Thompson and Wyld.
Servant to Justice DAY,	Mr. Curteis.
Coachman,	Mr. Abbot.
TEAGUE,	Mr. Johnstone.

Women.

RUTH,	Mrs. Litchfield.
ARABELLA,	Miss Sims.
Mrs. DAY,	Mrs. Davenport.

SCENE.—Gloucester.



THE
HONEST THIEVES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Inn Door.

Mrs. DAY. [*Without.*]

Let the porter carry our bundles down to
Mr. Day's house.

*Enter Mrs. DAY, ARABELLA, RUTH, Captain
MANLY, and COACHMAN.*

Mrs. D. Out upon't, how dusty 'tis!—'tis a
thing for people of the better sort, who are
'd to travel in a different style, to put up with
filthy stage coach. I believe our places are
hid for, coachman, are they not?

Coach. Yes, ma'am—paid for at Oxford.

Mrs. D. Very well.—Something for you to drink.

Coach. Thank you, ma'am. [Exit.

Mrs. D. Why, how now, Arabella!—what, sad! 'by my faith you need not—say I told you so. My son Abel has been pining the whole month that you have been absent; “and his honour, Mr. Day, your guardian, my husband, “and justice of the peace, was quite impatient “till we should fetch you home again. I know “you'll like our son Abel;” he's much improv'd of late; grown quite genteel, I assure you.

Arab. Then he is improv'd indeed! [Aside.

Mrs. D. Now we talk of Abel, I wonder he, or my husband's chief clerk, Obadiah, is not here ready to attend me. [Seeing Manly.] How is it with you, sir? weary of your journey, I suppose?

Man. Her tongue will never tire. [Aside.] Yes, ma'am, so many in the coach has rather heated me.

Enter OBADIAH and ABEL.

Mrs. D. Oh! are you come? did'nt you think it fit that I should find attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Ob. I ask your honour's pardon: I do profess I should have attended sooner, but that his young honour, Mr. Abel, delayed me.

Mrs. D. Well, son Abel, you must be obey'd.
—What, you are rejoic'd at the return of one I
have in my eye, ha?

Abel. Yes, I have, by my father's desire,
been thinking more about somebody than I'll
speak of.

Mrs. D. That's right. You must now en-
deavour to please the ladies, cast off Obadiah's
formalities, shew 'em your breeding, boy, and
let 'em see you are as well taught as fed.

[*Apart.*

Abel. If you please, I would speak a word
in private.

Arab. [*To Ruth.*] That poor gentleman seems
heartily tir'd of Mrs. Day's tongue.

Ruth. Indeed he looks fatigu'd.

Arab. I like him much; he seems plain and
honest.

Ruth. Plain enough in all conscience; but to
please you, I'll speak to him.

Arab. No, prithee, don't—he'll think us
rude.

Ruth. Then I shall think him an ass.—I hope
you are better after your journey, sir?

Man. No, madam, I am rather worse.

Ruth. You don't like riding in a stage, per-
haps?

Man. No, ma'am, nor talking after it. This
young spawn is as bad as the old pike. [*Aside.*

Ruth. Short, however, if not sweet.

Arab. Prithee, peace!—sir, we wish y
happiness.

Man. Ma'am, I thank you.—I like her
but I hope she'll say no more, lest she
spoil my good opinion. [

Mrs. D. [*Advances.*] Come, Arabella
as I told you;—Abel has it.—Say no
Take her by the hand, Abel: faith sh
venture to take you for better for worse
her along.—Fare you well, sir. [*To M*
Oh! Abel's a notable fellow!

[*Abel leads off Arabella, and Obadiah*
Day, leering at Ruth, who fo

Man. There's something very interesting
that girl—well, here I am in the ancient
Gloucester, quartered for at least six mon
my creditors don't hunt me out of it. A
troop came some days since, private lodgi
suppose, are scarce. [

Enter Colonel CARELESS and STORY.

Care. Dear Manly, welcome to Glouce

Man. Dear Colonel, I did not think t
met you so suddenly. Ah! my old
Lieutenant Story, your servant.

Story. Your friend still, captain—b
longer a lieutenant: I have quitted the
some time; I am married and settled here,
faith, as times go, well to do.

Man. I am glad of it.

Care. I hope, Manly, our creditors were not troublesome at our last quarters after I left you?

Man. They threaten'd us with the law: but I dare say, a few pounds will quiet 'em for a month or so.

Care. And in that time we may get relief, by death or marriage. When did you arrive?

Man. Just now—came in a stage coach, wedg'd in with half a dozen: "there was," a justice's wife, full of vulgar dignity, and her daughter; "but a bastard, past doubt, for she bore no resemblance to her mother; their names are Day. There was" another young lady with 'em, rather handsome; who, it seems, is intended for the justice's eldest son; a downright ass. He came here to meet his mother, and with him his father's drawling clerk:—two such formal, aukward rascals you never saw—ha! ha!

Story. The handsome lady you speak of is a rich heiress; they say, her father died abroad in the king's service, and left this Mr. Day her guardian, who, it seems, designs her for this his first-born bosby.

Care. Why what a dull dog wert thou, Manly, not to make love and rescue her!—hey! whom have we here?

Enter TEAGUE, wrapt up in a Blanket.

Who art thou, pray?

Tea. A poor Irishman, heaven save
save all your three faces!—give me a thi

Care. Thou wilt not lose any thing
of asking.

Tea. Faith I can't afford it.

Care. Well, there's sixpence for th
dence.

Tea. By my troth 'tis too little, m
thirteen and I'll drink all your healths.

Man. How long hast thou been in Ex

Tea. Ever since I came here, and lor

Care. What's thy business?

Tea. I have no business at all, at al
gentleman at large, and that's all I h
since I left my master.

Care. Why did'st leave him?

Tea. Because he died one day.

Care. Then it seems he left thee.

Tea. Yes, indeed—he left poor Teag
he never serv'd me so before in all his li

Care. Prithee, who was thy master?

Tea. Sure he was the good Colonel D

[With a

Care. Colonel Danger! he was my c
noble friend.

Tea. Yes, that he was, and poor '
too.

Care. Where did he die?

Tea. He died in bed, in the enemy's prison, t'other side the water there.

Care. And what dost thou mean to do.

Tea. I wou'd get a good master, if a good master wou'd get me. I can't tell what to do else—I was here on my way to Bristol, to see to beg a passage to old Ireland: I went to the man who lives at that house, at the end of t'other house, beside the great house, who tells by the stars and the *planters* what good luck is for man; and he told me there was no star for a poor Irishman. By my soul, says I, there are as many stars in Ireland as in England, and more too. Now I'll go to Ireland, and if the stars be there still, I'll come back, and I'll beat his big pate, if he won't give Teague some good luck.

Care. Poor fellow, I pity him; he seems simple and honest. Well, Teague, what wouldst thou say, if I should take thee?

Tea. I'd say you cou'd not do a better thing, though you got a worse man.

Care. Thy master was my dear friend;—wert thou with him when he died?

Tea. Upon my soul and I was: and I howl'd over him after—and I ask'd him why he wou'd die and leave poor Teague? but the devil a word he answer'd; and in faith I staid kissing his sweet face, till they took him from me. While my

master was ill, we sold our clothes to buy sic and other things to comfort his stomach; but och! he paid me again, for when he left me all that he had in the world.

Care. Did he leave thee all that he had?

Tea. Faith and he did: he left me his house, his friendship, and that was his *all*; and I wrapt myself up in this blanket, in many's the time I roll'd him to keep him warm, and it does not fit me the worse for that: this dress I turn'd out for my journey, and I have no victuals at all besides a little snuff.

Care. Well, well, serve and love me, as thou didst thy master, and thou shalt live with me.

Tea. Faith and I will.—Och! be sure I'll be thy master to poor Teague, and sure I'll be thy friend to the world's end, whether I wou'd [To himself.] I'm hir'd!

Care. Now then to business—we must have these ladies you speak of, Manly:—Shall I tell you how to know the family?

Story. I know them by name: but Day as soon let the devil loose with his family as a soldier:—but come to my house, where, please, you may both lodge.

Tea. I'm hir'd! [To himself.]

Care. Courage, noble captain! whoa! but we may make our fortunes here in our quarters, as well as Story!

Man. And shou'd we not, 'tis but live on Teague's cheap diet of snuff,

Tea. And of that you shall have your belly full!

Care. Come, Teague, thou shalt lay by this mantle (in lavender if thou wilt) and mount the family livery; and should our fathers, Manly, still keep us from inheritance, and matrimony prove unpropitious, we'll hoist sail for a new world! [*With rapture.*]

Tea. Ay, for old Ireland, master! och! upon my soul, and I'd like to take you to my little estate there in Tipperary.

Care. Hast thou got an estate there?

Tea. Indeed and I have; but the land is of such a nature, if you had it for *nothing*, you'd scarce make your money of it.

Care. and *Man.* Ha! ha! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

Day's House. Enter Mr. and Mrs. DAY.

Mr. D. Welcome, welcome, sweet duck; thou hast brought home money, and money's worth:—if we can but make sure of this heiress Arabella for our son Abel—

Mrs. D. If we can—what, you are at your *ifs* again?—if I didn't rouse and support you, you wou'd start at your own shadow.

Mrs. D. I profess, duck, thou say'st true—I should never have got Ruth and her estate into my clutches, but for thee.

Mrs. D. In that, too, you were at your if; and now, you see, she passes with every one for our own daughter.

“*Mr. D.* Truly, I am much indebted to thy counsel, duck.

“*Mrs. D.* Yes, and our neighbours perceive it; in truth they sometimes called me the “justice.” Well, then, Arabella must be Abel’s wife out of hand: in this Ruth must assist, and Abel must endeavour to do his part also.

Mr. D. Aye, wife, there is the mischief; Abel is not much of the ladies’ man: I fear he’ll never do for the commission;—he copies Obadiah too much by half.

Mrs. D. Why, to be sure, the boy is none of the brightest.

Mr. D. Odds! if I were as young and as comely as he is——

Mrs. D. You’d do wonders, to be sure; but Ruth shall instruct him, and speak a good word to Arabella. Here she comes.

Enter RUTH.

Mr. D. Ruth! it is my wife’s desire——

Mrs. D. Well, if it be your wife’s desire, she can tell it herself, I suppose.——My dear Ruth, my husband and I wish for a match between our Abel and Arabella—now the boy is not forward

enough, and I wish you, love, to instruct him how to insinuate himself, and put on little winning and deluding ways:—use thy power, wench, and you shan't repent it.

Ruth. Ma'am, I shall be happy to do my best.

Mrs. D. Go call Abel, my good girl.

Ruth. I'll instruct him, and finely.

[*Aside & Exit.*]

Mrs. D. By this, husband, we shall secure to Abel a good fortune—we must lose no time—I saw the officer in the coach to-day cast a sheep's eye at Arabella: there is a new troop too come to town—they are dangerous men—sure I know what officers are?

Re-enter RUTH, with ABEL.

Mr. D. Son Abel, do you hear?

Mrs. D. Do hold your peace, and give me leave.—I have told you before, child, that Arabella would be a good wife for you.

Abel. Why, truly, I think so too: but I can't say that I feel much love yet.

Mrs. D. All in good time—Ruth here will instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself; receive her directions, and be confident. Ah! boy, had'st thou thy mother's head!—well, what can't be, can't be—pray observe your sister's directions.

Mr. D. Be sure, boy——

Mrs. D. Who bid you speal
told him myself; so get about y
[*Exit Mrs. Day, push*

Ruth. Now, then, brother t

Abel. Now, then, sister Rut

Ruth. Have you a month's mi
lady?

Abel. I have not lov'd her n
yet.

Ruth. Oh! I beg your pard
gin:—you must alter your
hold up your head as it becom
and turn out your toes; they
great affection for each other; t
part—your hands thus: one
t'other a kimbo, to denote you

Abel. Must I walk trippi
grave step?

Ruth. Oh! gravely by all m
lover—let's see—[*he walks.*] v
pose now I were your mistress,
accident; then you must start t
frighten'd horse—[*she starts.*]
you did not see her before, be
wrapt up in love.—Now then.

Abel. Aye, I can start we
don't know what to say.

Ruth. Begin thus—'pardon
'lightful reverie of all delightin

'I was so wrapt up, that I did not see you'—
dropping on your knee. [*Kneeling*]

Abel. I fear I shall forget the words.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. 'Pardon, madam, the delightful *le
velle* of all delighting love, in which [*Ruth
prompts him thus far.*] I was so wrapt up
that you could not see me dropping on your
knee.'

Ruth. Ha, ha, ha! better than I expected
[*Aside.*] Oh, you're perfect—then she'll an-
swer,—'I suppose, sir, your enquiring mind
was sunk so deep into the profounds of cogita-
tion, that, like other wise men, you needed
a friend to help you out.' Now your reply.

Abel. No, indeed, I want no help at all.

Ruth. Oh fie, man! you must confess you
need help, and ask her for her hand.

Abel. Aye, that brings it to the point.

Ruth. To be sure it does: besides, Arabella
will never die for love of you (engaging as you
are) if you are not gallant.

Abel. Why yes, I am engaging, and I can be
gallant, if that be all.

Ruth. No doubt—now go seek your mistress
and remember your lesson—keep your position,
and the town's your own.

Abel. Nay, I care not for the town, if I can
get Arabella.

Ruth. I could burst with laughing: what ar-
rass it is—ha, ha, ha!

Enter ARABELLA.

Oh! that thou hadst come the other way, to meet my booby brother, Abel.

Arab. Why?

Ruth. He wou'd have play'd a trick with thee, for I have set the block on his hat so high, that he must of frown against any thing that comes in his way. Seeking you to make love—oh! you were courted!

Arab. Nay, Ruth, 'twere well to let me to mock them; but consider this. Day are your parents.

Ruth. That I deny: wonder you would thus freely to invite your confidant.

Arab. You amaze me!

Ruth. 'Tis enough to tell you that I know Sir Basil Thoroughgood well, and at two years old (the time my father was this canting Day, then sole trustee of my father and my estates. Hereafter you shall see 'twere time we both look'd to on Arabella.

Arab. Then let us love and assuage. Would they marry me to this little puppy?

Ruth. No doubt—but we'll see.

long shall see us righted. Oh! here's another of the goodly flock—step aside now.

[*Arabella walks up.*]

Enter OBADIAH.

Ob. Mrs. Ruth, I am glad to see thee return'd, in truth I am; for a smile from thee, to Obadiah's heart, is the most exhilarating cordial.

Ruth. Except the cordial you take for the cholic, Mr. Obadiah.

Ob. Truly I am much afflicted that way, but thy little sparkles always revive me. [*She laughs.*] Ah! thou art skittish and profane—odso, I must hasten on business for his worship; when I look on thee Satan is busy within me—oh! [*checking his rapture.*] but I will smite and keep the rebel down. [*Exit.*]

ARABELLA advances.

Ruth. There is a sighing swain for you—but come, dear girl, we'll make our lovers our pastime: remember I am Ruth still, and their daughter. As I live, Abel returns! for the joke sake walk toward him; I'll not leave you. [*Retires.*]

Enter ABEL, as not seeing Arabella: they walk toward each other, and Abel starts, as Ruth taught him.

Arab. Hey! what's the meaning of this?

Abel. "Pardon, madam, the delightful
lee of all delightful love, in which I
wrapp'd up, that you cou'd not see me d
on your knee." [

Arab. Surely he's mad!

Abel. Now you shou'd speak, forsooth

Arab. What should I say, forsooth?

Abel. Just what you please, forsooth.

Arab. This is Ruth's instruction. [
Pardon me, sir, but I did not see you.

Abel. No, 'tis I that was not to see y
then you are to answer.

[*Rises, and goes*

Arab. Well, what should I answer?

Abel. Something about *me*, and oth
men and cogitations, and then you t
hand, and help me out.

Enter Mrs. DAY.

Mrs. D. Why, how now, son Abel?
close to Miss Arabella! oh! then, I sme
—nay look you, Ruth. [*Ruth advance*
how gay Abel is—do but mark his eyes
—there—he looks a thousand darts at c
Ruth, how has he behaved, ha?

[*Apart to*

Ruth. Oh! beyond expectation—he
but little teaching. Humour his mother.

[*Aside to A*

Mrs. D. I thought thou wouldst turn out thy mother's own son—that's right, Abel;—take her by the hand, and lead her in:—look at the soft deluder—oh! he has a winning way with him!

[*Exeunt Abel and Arabella, with Mrs. Day; Ruth behind, laughing.*]

A Street. Enter Colonel CARELESS, Captain MANLY, and STORY.

Care. Ha! ha! ha! nay, Manly, thou art caught:—if I know the signs of love, captain, thou art caught.

Story. And if Miss Arabella, old Day's ward, be the object of his passion, he might have taken a worse aim.

Man. Why, to confess the truth, I do feel a little interested, but I detest courtship.

Care. What, a soldier, and not love a siege! wouldst have the women court thee? prithee tell me, Story, has old Day's daughter a good fortune?

Story. Yes, if the old folk please, I believe she has a little independence; "and wealth is the deity her parents worship. They have great trust and power; but, if I mistake not, as arrant rogues as ever made sanctity a cloak to avarice."

Care. Say you so? then I'll send her a billet-doux. Where the devil is that fellow Teague?

Enter TEAGUE, dress'd.

Tea. Sure I'm here, master.

Care. Oh! very well, I want you: you are not acquainted at the house, you say, Story?

Story. Not I—'twou'd degrade their dignity to admit a poor lieutenant.

Care. I observe you speak in the plural number. Does her ladyship rank so high in Mr. Day's family?

Man. Oh! commander in chief—I'll be sworn.

Story. Why I believe the 'grey mare is the better horse.'

Tea. And that's foolish [*Col. checks him.*] oh! that's very foolish!—when I'm married, I'll take care 'the grey horse shall be the better mare.'

Story. Ha! ha! ha! you must know this Mrs. Day was formerly kitchenmaid to her husband's father, and, in days of yore, called Gillian; but now 'she rules the roast' in the parlour as absolutely as she formerly did in the kitchen.

Care. I'll send Teague to her advanc'd honour, to beg I may have leave to wait on her ladyship.

Man. Teague will mistake, my life on't.

Tea. Indeed an I will not mistake the kitchenmaid. Where must I go now to mistake the kitchenmaid?

Story. As I live, colonel, here are the very ladies in question—I'll retire. *[Exit.*

Care. Manly, you'll introduce me.

Enter ARABELLA and RUTH. TEAGUE stands by his Master, and makes his bow, &c.

Man. Fair ladies, your most obedient! my friend, Colonel Careless, a man of honour, and a true lover of your sex.

[Manly retires with Arabella,

Ruth. *[Curtesying.]* Indeed, colonel, are you such a military prodigy?

Care. As what, ma'am?

Ruth. A true lover.

Care. When I look at *you*, madam, it is impossible I should be otherwise. *[Bows.*

Tea. Sure an Irishman could not have said it better! *[To himself.*

Ruth. Oh! dear, sir; our's is a jaunt of business, not compliment—so fare you well.

[Going, Teague and Colonel stop her.

Care. Nay, do not thus march off with flying colours. Your friend, you see, is not in haste.

Ruth. Probably she has found more attraction.

Care. I wou'd you had found the same!

Ruth. Nay, don't be foolish—but let me ask you, is your friend a man of family and fortune, colonel?

Care. Oh! oh! then I see how it is. Of good family, madam—little fortune in debts, considerable expectations, a road to preferment; much in the same ment stands your humble servant—Thou be *your* friend?

Ruth. Why to say truth, colonel, of us, never stood more in need of a friend—O lud! what am I about to say—come along, or I shall be in as bad a way as yourself. [*Runs away.* Col.

Care. Nay, nay, hold—shall I swear to you?

Tea. No, don't—take time to consider. [*Aside to*

Ruth. Don't swear, if you would have believed it. Shew it by deeds, not oaths—colonel, if you *are* what you *seem*, I shall perhaps—

Care. What, my angel?

Ruth. Wish you were another man, your friend is taking leave.

Care. When shall I see you again?

Ruth. Perhaps our friends have settled a farewel.

Arab. Sir, I have trusted you as a man of honour.

Man. Madam, you shall not repent if you will. [*Exit Arab. a*

Care. Manly, has she appointed an

interview, and promis'd to bring her friend with her. [*Eagerly.*

Man. Upon my soul I forgot that.

Care. Oh! the devil! do they both live together?

Man. Yes, colonel.

Care. And in Day's house?

Man. Certainly.

Care. Teague!

[*Story advances, and talks to Manly.*

Tea. You need not call Teague—sure he's at your elbow.

Care. I want thee to go on a message to Mrs. Day.

Tea. To the lady that was kitchenmaid to her father?

Care. Yes, and on thy life take no notice of that, but at almost every word give her—'your ladyship'—and 'your honour'—for example, say—'my master presents his service to your ladyship, and having some business with your honour, begs to know when he may have leave to wait on your ladyship?'

[*Teague laughs, and turns his back.*

Blockhead, you must not turn your back.

Tea. Oh, no, I always turn my face to the ladies. [*Bows.*] But was she her own father—that is—father-in-law's kitchenmaid?

Care. Why what then?

Tea. Upon my soul, then, I shall laugh upon

her face, for all I wou'd not have a mind to do it.

Care. Poo! poo! you must set your countenance in form, and look serious, before you begin.

Tea. I must not think of a kettle then, or a pan, or the big boiling pot, or any thing that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen.

Care. Not for a thousand pounds; 'twou'd undo us all.

Tea. Well, then; that my mouth may'nt be laughing on one side or t'other, I'll keep it shut all the time I'm speaking.

Care. You'll find me at the inn.

Tea. [*Going, returns.*] Arrah, master, what is Mrs. Day's name?

Story. Ha, ha, ha!—oh I'll inform thee by the way, and that thou may'st not mistake, I'll shew thee the house also.

[*Exeunt Careless and Manly.*]

Tea. Och! leave Teague alone for that—shew me the door, joy, and I'll find the house myself. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Day's House. Enter RUTH and ARABELLA.

Arabella.

OH! his confession was like himself, noble; I dare be sworn my captain's honest.

Ruth. That's more than I'll swear for my comel; but a good example may make him so.

Arab. Oh! Ruth, I am hamper'd, nay, more hamper'd than thou think'st. If thou art a fellow-sufferer, shew me by a sign; hold up thy finger, and console me. [*Ruth holds up her thumb.*] Nay, madcap, that's not a finger—but thumb.

Ruth. Well, and that's next to it—but I'll not forsake thee; were I not smitten, I would persuade myself to be in love, if it were only to bear thee company. Oh! that we could contrive to get our estates out of old Day's clutches.

Arab. Oh! that we could contrive to poison that fellow Abel!

Ruth. Hush!

Enter Mrs. DAY and ABEL.

Mrs. D. Well, Arabella, I hope you have consider'd what is for your own good; you may

be worse offer'd. Abel, never stand *shilly*, tell her your mind—Ruth, a word—

[*They ret*

Abel. You see, now, that I am somebody though you make nobody of me: I know I to prevail; therefore, pray say what am I trust to, for my mother says I must not stand *shilly shally*?

Arab. You are hasty, sir.

Abel. Yes, it becomes me to be so, because I am the heir of the family.

Enter TEAGUE.

Arab. Whom have we here?

Tea. Well, now, what is your names, and one of you?

Ruth. [*Aside.*] Upon my life, Arabella, the Irish servant of my colonel.

Arab. Hush!

Tea. Well, can't some of you all say nothing though you don't speak?

Mrs. D. Why, how now, sauce-box!—why have you left your manners without? [*take his hat.*] Go out and fetch 'em.

Tea. What should I fetch now?

Mrs. D. Do you know who you are speaking to, sirrah?

Tea. By my soul and I don't:—'tis little own mother thought I should ever speak to likes of you.

l. You had better not be saucy to her ho-

. Her honour! and, I suppose, you are *ship*. I want to speak to one Mrs. Day.

. D. Well, impudence—I am Mrs. Day
t's your business?

. Oh, are you there with yourself, Mrs.
I'll look well first—and I'll set my face
serious, and in form—and now I'll tell
message.—The good colonel, my master,
ask your ladyship—*[turns and laughs.]*
my soul the laugh will come upon my
in spite of me—ha, ha!—the pepper-cas-

. D. Why, you impudent fellow! were
nt here to abuse me?

l. Sir, if you offer to abuse my mother,
ah and I shall thump you.

. [Smiles.] You'll do what?

l. Thump you, we shall, if you abuse her
r.

. Then, by my soul, I have a great mind
np you with my *hammer*.

ting his arm, Abel runs behind his mother.

. D. Why, varlet, d'ye mean to insult
get out of my house, fellow!

. Won't I give you my message then from
ster?

. D. Tell your master to bring his mes-
mself, whoever he is.

Tea. By my soul, and he shall, for Teague.

Mrs. D. And not send a saucy *Irish brute* that can't speak a word of English!

Tea. An *Irish brute*! Is it for me that name? why then the devil christen your ladyship! and your honourship! and kitchenship to boot!—sure that's plain English. [Exit.

[*Ruth and Arabella enjoy her distress, is the back ground.*

Mrs. D. Ah! [*screams.*] oh! that my husband had been here!—but he is never where he is wanted—kitchenship indeed! and you to stand by like a sheep—run after, and stop him. Call help as you go—make haste, I say.

[Pushes Abel.
Abel. Help!—help!—help!—help! [Exit.

Mrs. D. I'll punish the saucy villain—kitchenship indeed! [Exit Mrs. Day.

Ruth. Run, Arabella, run after Abel, and stop him, that the poor fellow may escape.

Arab. Keep his dam off, and leave me to manage the young whelp. Exit.

Outside of Day's House. Enter MANLY hastily.

Man. Where the devil shall I shelter? scarcely got into quarters but I must be disturb'd by bailiffs:—curse 'em! here they come!—then to my heels. [Exit.

Enter Two BAILIFFS, hastily.

I Bail. That's he—I should know him amongst a thousand. *[Exit.*

Tea. *[Without.]* Hub bub boo! run, master!—run, mongrels!—run, bull!—run, bailiffs!

Enter TEAGUE.

Oh! if Teague's prayer prevails, you'll tumble and break your necks, you bum baily rascals! och! by the powers they are down! they are down! one over t'other, and right in the kennel, as clean as dirt—your first cousin the devil help you out o' that.—

Enter Colonel CARELESS, hastily.

Care. Teague! have you seen Captain Manly?

Tea. Indeed and I have; he has just escap'd from the bailiffs there.

Care. Has he escap'd?—then all's well:—they were as near snapping me too. *[Going.*

Tea. *[Stopping him.]* Arrah, then don't go that way; you'll surely be overtaken, for they're all before you.

Care. No—here comes another behind me; plague on 'em: they're on a full scent—what shall I do? here is a door, and invitingly open

—I'll in—Teague, scout abroad;—if any happens, here you shall find me. Observe door, do you hear?

Tea. Sure—I'll know it again!—I'll write name on it.

Care. That I believe is not in thy power

Tea. Indeed and it is: I have pen and ink in my pocket. [*Makes a great cross with chalk.*] Sure enough that will stand for my name as well as any thing; and I have been too well us'd to a cross not to know it again:—my father sold all my estate before ever I had it; that was a cross. Then I was cross'd in love by L. Lochlogan; that was another cross: and my hereafter has been full of crosses ever since!

Enter Third BAILIFF.

3 Bail. Did you see a gentleman pass that way but now?

Tea. Indeed an I did—I'll hum this fellow [*Aside.*] He went in yonder to the Goose Alderman: suppose you and I have a dabble together there, without offence to either.

3 Bail. With all my heart, if you'll consent to treat.

Tea. Indeed an I will.—I should have a good dinner somewhere—[*Searching his pockets.*] My soul, my money is like a wild colt, I

drive it up in a corner before I can catch it:—
Och! I have it by the scruff o'the neck; so
come along, honey. [Exeunt.

*Inside of Day's Apartment. Enter RUTH and
OBADIAH, with Writings.*

Ruth. Having drank thy cordial, Obadiah,
hasten about thy master's business.

Ob. I will, forsooth; but why wilt thou not
smile upon thy admirer, and gladden him with
the beams of kindness?

Ruth. Because, forsooth, I don't like it.

Ob. Thou know'st not the extent of my
riches.

Ruth. If they are equal to your charms, they
are beyond my hopes.

Ob. Um!—why the ladies have sometimes
prais'd the symmetry of my features—nor dost
thou know thy own riches; nor will I tell thee,
unless I make thee bone of my bone. [Aside.

Ruth. Are these the marriage settlements be-
tween Abel and Arabella?

Ob. They are, forsooth. When they are
married—ha! my little merry maid—shall we—
ha?—I can make thee a good jointure.

Ruth. Why, when *they are married*, per-
haps we may. Shall I ask your master's con-
sent?

Ob. Not for the world.

Ruth. Well, well, go about the writings, and I'll think of it.

Ob. Wilt thou?—then I will go.

With looks of love I do depart,

'Tis through mine eyes thou read'st my heart.

[Going, looks over his shoulder—Colonel Careless runs against him, and tumbles him back.]

Ruth. Oh! heavens 'tis the colonel! *[Aside.]* what have you done, sir? I hope you have not kill'd the man. How is it, poor Obadiah?

[They help him up.]

Ob. Truly he came forcibly upon me, and I fear he hath bruised the intellectuals of my stomach. *[Gets up.]*

Ruth. Before you go to the lawyers, go in again, Obadiah—take this key—go in again, and take another sup of the cordial.

Ob. I do believe it would be wise; and as thou desir'st it, I will apply another drop to the bruise of my stomach; the blow has increased my cholic exceedingly. *[Exit Obadiah.]*

Ruth. Heavens! colonel! how came you here? who let you in? did you knock at the door?

Care. No, my angel, the door stood open, as if it had a mind to say—I pray you, sir, come in? but where is the place I would not storm to get at—

Ruth. Hold! for love's sake, don't storm

here!—should Mr. or Mrs. Day see you, we are ruin'd.—Should they but suspect, invention would be racked to prevent our ever meeting more.

Care. Then let us seize the present moment and on the wings of love fly far away.

Enter TEAGUE, in haste—RUTH retires.

Tea. Och! master, master, are you here then—sure enough you are. The good Captain Manly is overtaken again, so he is; and the rascally bum bailiffs have taken him to prison.

Care. Hush! for your life— [*Apart*

Tea. The devil burn me if—[*Careless stops his mouth.*] oh! if you won't hear of your friend when he is in gaol, then——

Care. Prithee be quiet, blockhead.

Tea. Och! pay me my wages, take your livery, and give Teague his blanket! by my soul, I'd go stark naked, with only that to cover me, before I'd serve a master that neglects his friend when he is in trouble.

[*Pulling off his coat.*

Care. Blockhead! I'll attend him directly.

Tea. Och! very well then, could not you say so at first? sure I can pardon a slip.

Ruth. You seem troubled, sir. May I know the business?

Care. Why, madam, to be honest with you—
D ij

Tea. That's right now, and like yourself.

[*Apart.*

Care. Prithee, be quiet. Madam, my dear friend, your friend's admirer, is arrested, and in prison.

Tea. Indeed and he is, at the tavern below here.

Care. For the present, therefore, I must bid you farewell.

Ruth. Stay but a moment, perhaps I may serve your friend.

[*Going.*

Tea. [*Whispering the Col.*] If she's a house-keeper, ask her to go bail for the Captain.

Enter ARABELLA.

Ruth. Oh! Arabella! I was going to seek you.

Arab. What is the matter?

Ruth. Thy captain is taken by bailiffs, and carried to prison, and his friend here almost distracted.

Arab. What do you tell me? oh! that I could release him! I should rejoice to do it.

Ruth. The only means you have is to smile upon Abel, and get him to bail him. Here he comes with Obadiah: wheedle him.

Enter ABEL and OBADIAH.

Arab. So, Mr. Abel, where have you been?

ld you find in your heart to keep thus out of sight?

el. Important affairs kept me away from as Obadiah can witness—*bona fide*.

. I can, forsooth, myself being a material

re. Pox on 'em, how slow they speak!

[*Aside.*

z. Speak faster, can't you—speak faster?

[*Hastily.*

ab. Well, well, you shall go no more out of sight. It is not your *bona fides* shall y me: I have occasion to go a little way; and Obadiah must go with me; nay, you not deny me any thing.

el. No, indeed, I ought not. Come , Obadiah. You see how well she loves

el *leads out Arabella, and the Colonel Ruth.*

el. [*Leads out Obadiah.*] Give me your honey, and I'll lead you.

vern. MANLY *discovered.* Two BAILIFFS *waiting.*

n. For your lenity I thank you; if my does not come within this half hour, I'll l you to prison. Will you take another

3ail. Why, sir, we thank you.

Man. Brandy or Sherry? there are both.—
Help yourselves. Oh! here comes my friend.—
'Sdeath, Arabella too! [*Bailiffs drink.*]

Enter Colonel CARELESS, ABEL, RUTH, ARABELLA, TEAGUE, and OBADIAH. CARELESS goes to MANLY. They retire. TEAGUE takes the bottle aside, with OBADIAH, who receives, and drinks a glass slyly.

Arab. [*To Abel.*] Nay, sir, you need no scruple; he is a kinsman of mine; you surely can't think I would let you suffer—you that must be nearer than a kinsman to me.

Abel. But my mother is not acquainted with it.

Arab. Oh! if that be all, Ruth and I will hold you harmless; besides, we can't marry, my kinsman be in prison; his presence will be necessary to sign our marriage deeds—much depends on his consent—we must please him.

Abel. Oh! if that is the case, Obadiah, seems proper that we should set this gentleman at liberty. Tell 'em, therefore, that we will bail him.

Ob. I shall.—Gentlemen, this is Mr. Al Day, the first-born of his worship Mr. De and I, by name Obadiah, am his honour's clerk.

1 *Bail.* Well, sir, we know Mr. Day and Mr. Abel.

Abel. Yes, that's I—and I'll bail this gentleman.

1 *Bail.* Sir, if you please to step into the next room, we can have no objection.

Abel. Well, go you before; Obadiah, let 'em know who I am: I believe he dare not refuse my bail: it's as much as his place is worth to refuse my bail.

[*Exeunt Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs.*]

“*Care.* By my faith, Manly, they are noble girls!

“*Man.* They have bereft me of all words.
“*Prithee*, make my acknowledgments.

“*Care.* Miss Arabella, the captain begs me
“to return you his sincerest thanks, and desires me to add, that he never felt greater
“felicity than in being obliged—[*Manly pulling his coat.*] *Prithee* be quiet—to the only woman on earth he wou'd wish to be obliged to.

“*Arab.* In doing what I have done, sir, I
“have obliged myself.

“*Man.* Madam, I can only say, I love and
“thank you: hereafter I hope my deeds will
“speak more.”

Ruth. Well, let us not lose time. We have a scheme on foot—should we bring it to bear, we may perhaps need your assistance.

Care. Madam, you shall command us.

Ruth. If you *can*, keep Obadiah here; may else be in the way.

Care. Will the rogue drink?

Ruth. I suspect so. He is fond of cord but he's too cautious to be caught at home.

Care. Teague, couldst not thou enter Obadiah in the next room, till he were a little tipsy, or so?

Tea. Indeed an I cou'd. He'll take it d like new milk; he gave me an earnest but n sure I can make him and myself too drunk the honour of Ireland.

Man. Then take the bottles with thee.

Tea. [*Takes the bottles.*] One is half and t'other half *empty*. I'll put them toge and then master Obadiah and I will empty bottles at once.

[*Exit Tea*

Care. Here comes Jupiter's mercury, the peditious Mr. Abel.

Ruth. Mr. Teague, I see, stops Obadiah

Arab. So much the better for us.

Enter ABEL.

Abel. I have, according to your desire, leas'd your kinsman. I love to be chari sometimes: but where is Obadiah? Oba——

Arab. [*Stops his mouth.*] What signifies (diah, while I am with you? [*as angry.*]

my life, I shall be jealous of you! give me your hand, and don't ask after that stupid fellow again in my presence, "I beseech you.

[Abel leads her.

"Abel. You may come to my wedding if you please, sir, you and your friend, for all you have been beholden to my authority.

[Exit, leading Arabella; Ruth follows.

"Man. I'd rather I and my friend were going to thy funeral."

Care. Methinks there is a strange mystery about these girls; yet in the main they are candid too.

Man. On my life, sincerity itself!—They are all heart.

Care. Would'st marry Arabella, Manly?

Man. Aye, though she had not a shilling.

Care. She loves thee, that's certain: I wou'd mine were attach'd, and her fortune independent of the old curmudgeon, Justice Day!—Hark! hark!—see where Teague with laurels comes; and the vanquish'd Obadiah, with nothing fix'd about him but his eyes.

Enter TEAGUE and OBADIAH, singing.

Man. I fancy Teague has given him more brandy than wine.

Tea. Well, now upon my soul, little Obadiah sings as well as he drinks. Come then, we'll sing an Irish song.

Ob. Aye, an Irish song and more Sherry.

Tea. Och! faith, joy, you shan't want for a sup of the creature. Och! beautiful! [*Obadiah drinks*] Now then for an Irish song. [*Sings.*—

Between each verse lets Obadiah drink out of the bottle. Manly and Careless enjoy it in the back-ground.]

*Oh! when I was christen'd 'twas on a fair day,
And my own loving mother call'd me her dear
joy:*

*And that I was so, why she always wou'd say—
Asmiling, beguiling, dutiful, beautiful, &c. &c.
O boderation her own little boy!*

*But when I grew up I was always in love,
Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy:
So true to ten thousand I constantly prove—
A sighing, dying, kneeling, stealing, &c. &c.
O boderation a fond Irish boy!*

*For war, love, or drinking, myself am the lad,
Oh the wide world itself I'd go near to destroy;
But a sup of the creature soon makes my heart
glad,
And then I'm a laughing, quaffing, splashing,
dashing, &c. &c.*

O boderation a tight Irish boy!

[*The song being ended, Obadiah and Teague dance, and sing—"Larallaliddy, diddy," &c.*

Ob. Nice song !—but I can't do these material matters—nice song, nice sherry. More sherry !

Tea. Och ! faith, and you shall, honey ! [*Obadiah drinks.*] And since you are mindful of your mouth, pray don't neglect your nose.—We'll snuff together for the honour of Ireland. [*Teague holds his mull ; as Obadiah tries to put his finger and thumb into it, he moves it, first to one side then t'other.*] By my soul, you are not the first man that has miss'd his mark all on one side here, lay it upon your hand—there, put one of your noses to it now. [*Obadiah takes it.*] Oh ! Mr. Obid will make a brave Irishman, that he will ; sure you'll put this up your t'other nose now ! [*Takes it as before.*]

Ob. I'll snuff for old Ireland.—More sherry ! now you sing English, and I'll sing Irish.

Tea. Right joy : like man and wife, we'll join *English* and *Irish* together ; and the devil fire him who disturbs the harmony of such a wedding ! [*They sing and dance : Obadiah tumbles down.*] oh ! Mr. Obid, Mr. Obid !—you are down !—you are down !—upon my soul I believe he is dead.

Care. Dead !

Tea. Yes—dead drunk—och ! poor Obid is gone !—and I'll howl over him as we do in Ireland. [*Howls.*] Och ! poor Obid, and are you gone, my jewel ! och ! oh ! &c. I'll try if he's dead indeed. [*Puts the bottle to his mouth.*] The

bottle's almost too small for his pretty mouth—
oh! he gulps! he gulps, like a big fish!

[Obadiah makes a gurgling noise.]

Care. Oh come, the rogue's alive.

Ob. Ruth's a nice wench! I'll have her.

Care. Will you, faith?

Ob. More sherry!—she old Day's daughter!
—I know better.

Care. Dost hear that, Manly? the rascal is
leaky in his cups.

Ob. She's rich—I'll blow you up, old Day—
I'll marry her.

Tea. Upon my soul, and you'll make a sweet
pretty bridegroom!

Care. Teague, here's a shilling—get a chair,
and carry him to his master's; and shou'd you
meet the ladies, say they will find us at Lieutenant
Story's.

Tea. Give me the thirteen, and I'll give him
an Irish sedan.

Care. Prithee, how's that?

Tea. Let me just get between the poles, and
I'll shew you—there—

Ob. More sherry!

[Teague draws him off by the heels.]

[Exeunt.]

Day's House. Enter Mr. and Mrs. DAY.

Mrs. D. Come, dispatch! dispatch, I say!—

ch the marriage whilst she is thus taken
our Abel.

. D. I have sent Obadiah with the writings
lawyer to secure to Abel the bulk of Ara-
estates.

s. D. Have you the other writings ready?

. D. I have, duck—I have.—They are in
est, in the next room, with those of Ruth's.
your leave, duck, we'll just look 'em

Lays out keys and pocket-book on the table.

Enter SERVANT.

. D. Well, what now, that you come in
haste?

. Please your honour, your good neigh-
Zachariah Stedfast, is departing this life;
he has made your honour his executor, he
to speak to you before he dies.

. D. Odso, odso! then the good man will
is.

. Yes, sir, that he will before you get
if you are not quick. *[Exit.]*

. D. Let us hasten then, duck; good men
not be neglected—where is that fellow
ah to attend us?

. D. *[Calls aloud.]* Why, Obadiah, I
-but come, husband; never mind; come

along:—we'll take Abel in his place. I man—hasten, and don't lose time.

[*Pushes him, and exeunt in*

RUTH peeps in, and ARABELLA after i

Ruth. Hey! what game's on foot now cry is up; they are all off on a full scent!

Arab. But now, Ruth, what is this sc your's?

Ruth. Why I mean to tell old Day that he has impos'd on us; that I know I his daughter; insist upon inspecting our wills, taking our affairs into our own hands at once act for ourselves, or get our officers act for us.

Arab. Bravely resolv'd!—but, heaven what's here? [*Seeing her*

Ruth. As I live, it is Day's bunch on which he always keeps so closely, and here his pocket-book. Now, Arabella, if thou any courage, now's the time.

Arab. For what?

Ruth. To fly out of Egypt—to free ourselves from roguery and bondage. If I miss it me!

Arab. But whither shall we go?

Ruth. To one that was a friend of my father's he'll shelter us, fear not. Stay—do you

centinel here, while I unlock his iron chest in the next room.

[*Goes in at a door in the middle, and unlocks a chest in inside, and takes out bundles of papers.*

Arab. I warrant thee—make haste, and fear not—should any one approach, I'll give notice.

[*Noise within as opening the chest.*

Ruth. I have 'em—I have 'em. Here they are—two precious parcels—here's both our names on 'em. Take 'em. [*They are going.*

TEAGUE enters, with OBADIAH on his back.

Oh! heavens!

Tea. Long life to you, madam! you have got your burthen there, and I have got mine here. My master and his friend are at Lieutenant Story's, and they want to speak to both of you.

Arab. and Ruth. Shew us to them.

Tea. Faith an I will. I'll just lay down this great big bundle of iniquity.

Ob. Some small beer, good Mr. Teague?

Tea. The devil a drop you get of me, Mr. Obid!—Do you think I have nothing to do but to be filling your unconscionable bowels, and be d—mn'd to you? so there you are, and a dainty fine present too for your mistress. Be pleas'd to make my compliments to her kitchenship!—and now, ladies——

Ruth. Stop, stop—we must go the back way, Mr. Teage, for fear of meeting the Days.

Tea. Oh! very well—come along then, ladies, and I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt Teague first, and then Arab. and Ruth.*]

Ob. [*Sings.*] *La, la, ral, ral.*

When silent, re-enter Mr. and Mrs. DAY and ABEL.

Mr. D. Truly he made a good end, and departed, as it were, into a sleep.

Mrs. D. Ah! poor man, his wife took on grievously! [*Weeps.*] I don't think she'll marry again this half year.—Oh! 'twas vastly solemn!

Ob. Small beer!

Mrs. D. Oh lord! what's that?

Ob. Small beer!

Mrs. D. Obadiah! and drunk, as I hope for mercy!

Mr. D. Oh, fie upon't!—fie upon't!—who could have believ'd this? where have you been, sirrah?

Ob. [*Bawling.*] Small beer!

Mr. D. Oh! terrible! shame brought within our walls! I'll lock up my neighbour's will, and then I'll reprove him—how—what—I can't feel my keys—[*Shakes his pockets.*] no—nor hear 'em jingle. Have you seen my keys, duck?

[*Exceedingly alarm'd.*]

Mrs. D. I see your keys! see a fool's head of your own. Why don't you see if you have left them in the chest?

Mr. D. Well, I will, duck—I will. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. D. Abel, take up this filthy beast, and carry him to bed.

Abel. Truly he is far gone—[*Lifting him.*]—Obadiah!

Ob. Some small beer! [*Obad. sings.*] Where's Mr. Teague?

Re-enter Mr. DAY. Abel lets Obadiah down again.

Mr. D. Oh! undone! undone! we are robb'd! the chest is left open, and all my writings and papers stolen!—thieves!—Ruth! Ruth!

Mrs. D. [*Bawling.*] Why, Ruth, I say? thieves!—thieves!—thieves!

Enter SERVANT.

Where's Ruth and Arabella?

Serv. I have not seen 'em for some time, madam.

Mr. D. They have robb'd me; they have taken away the writings of their estates! oh! undone! undone! [*Exit Serv.*]

Mrs. D. This comes in staying for you, you stupid dolt, [*Strikes Abel*] and you, too, you

provoking varlet—will you wake? [*Pulls Obadiah's ear.*] What have you to say for yourself?

Ob. [*Aloud.*] Small beer!

Mr. D. Let us find the girls, duck: they are the thieves, depend on't.

"Mrs. D. Yes, and you must leave your keys "to tempt 'em;" why don't you raise a hue and cry?—"send Abel for constables." Why don't you stir? [*Pushes Day off.*]—we'll overtake 'em, I warrant you. [*Exit after Day.*

Abel. Come, good Obadiah, I'll raise you on your feet. [*Lifts him.*] Come there, I'll help you.

Ob. Avoid, young Satan—I'm not drunk—I can walk.—Small beer?

Re-enter Mrs. DAY.

Mrs. D. Will you stay all day?—go for the constables, do? and you, you drunkard! I'll set you forward.

[*Pushes Abel, and Abel pushes Obad.*

Ob. Small beer!

Mrs. D. I'll give you small beer, sot, I will.

[*Exeunt.*

Story's House. Enter MANLY, ARABELLA, CARELESS, RUTH, and TEAGUE.

Arab. I find Day has no longer any lawful

controul over *me or mine*; and for protection against him I confide in you.

Man. Do, and fear not.

Care. And is it possible! *Ruth* not *Day's* daughter, but *Anne*, daughter and heiress to Sir Basil Thoroughgood?

Ruth. 'Tis true indeed, as the papers left in Mr. Story's care have clearly explain'd.

Mrs. D. [*Without.*] But we know they are here.

Care. Zounds! the enemy advances.

Ruth. Then let us receive the charge firmly:—give me my ammunition, girl. [*Takes writing and pocket-book from Arabella.*] Aye, now the day breaks.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. DAY and ABEL.

Tea. I wish all their necks were broke!

Mrs. D. Ah! ha! my fine runaways, have we found you? in the hands of your fellows too however, return what you have stolen, and both you, Arabella—and you, ungracious Ruth—

Ruth. No longer Ruth, but Anne, if you please.

Mrs. D. Anne indeed! and who gave you that name?

Ruth. My godfathers and godmothers. Go on, madam, I can answer a leaf or two further.

Tea. Och! Mrs. Mustardpot, have you found a Rowland for your Oliver at last! [*Aside.*

Man. You'll find, madam, they've stolen nothing but their own: they were HONEST THIEVES, I assure you.

Mrs. D. Yes, sir, they have stolen writings of my husband's, which, if they don't immediately restore, shall cost them dearly.

Ruth. There, Mr. Day, are all we took of your's—[*gives book and papers.*] having reclaim'd our rights, and put these and ourselves under the protection of these gentlemen.

Care. We are bound in honour, sir, at the hazard of life and fortune, to support them against all unjust authority whatever.

Mrs. D. Marry, come up!—we shall try that presently.

Mr. D. You are too hasty, duck.

Mrs. D. What, you are frighten'd again at shadows?

Mr. D. We had better hush the matter up, duck. A word in your ear. [*Apart.*

Ruth. You will find, Mrs. Day, that we have selected but our own papers; and as you know *their* contents as well as *those* I have given Mr. Day, you will of course be silent, for your husband's sake, as well as your own.

Mrs. D. Indeed, Mrs. Prate-a-pace!

Care. Softly, good Gillian Day—keep your dignity, and don't call names.

Tea. Oh! if you don't know manners, I'll be after shewing you to the kitchen!

Mrs. D. I shall choak with vexation!

Mr. D. We had better withdraw, duck.

[*Apart.*

Mrs. D. Duck me no ducks, but get along—do!—[*pushes him off.*] yes, and you too, Stupid the Second. [*Pushes Abel off.*] Ah! you are a precious couple!

Tea. Indeed and you are a precious couple, all three of you!

Care. They are rightly serv'd; and now, my charming Anne, since you and your friend have honour'd us with your confidence, we will not ask more till you have proved us worthy. In the mean time, Teague, we thank thee, and will endeavour to reward thy honesty.

Tea. Och! master, say no more about that: sure, if we have luck enough to please our good friends, a smile from their sweet lips is to poor Teague the best reward of all!

THE END.







